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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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MR. GLADSTONE, responding to the Lord Mayor's congratulations, said: "We do not go to war with the Egyptian people, but to rescue them from the oppression of military tyranny; nor do we make war upon the Mohammedan religion, as Englishmen respect the convictions of believers in every other faith. We do not want to repress the growth of liberty in Egypt, but desire that she be prosperous. England goes to Egypt with clean hands, and with no secret intention to conceal from other nations. There is a class of men besides the military who require to be overawed, who were the instruments of former oppression, and who wish well to military tyranny because they would provide for the revival of abuses and cruelty already extinguished or mitigated."

THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA.

IT SOUNDS LIKE CHARMING, BEWILDERING MUSIC, BUT NEVERTHELESS SEEMS LIKE *AN OVERTURE FROM NERO.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 147 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued August 22, presents a variety of interesting matter. The second installment of the lively serial, "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," shows how the young voyagers launch their craft, and find it by no means all plain sailing.* MR. EUGENE LAWRENCE *gives a short outline of the history of Egypt, a country to which present events have drawn the eyes of the whole world; and* MR. CHARLES BARNARD *contributes, under the title of "The River Gets Into Trouble," another of his interesting articles on the formation of the coast by the action of water. The pen and pencil of* MR. W. A. ROGERS *sketch the novel experiences of poor city children in country quarters; and* MR. C. W. FISHER *has a pleasantly written article on "Homing Pigeons," a new subject to most of our readers. Short stories and illustrations of varied character make up a singularly attractive number.*

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE AND TENDENCY.

THE New York *Times* asks, very pertinently, What is Republican doctrine? It states that the Congressional Committee, having squeezed the pockets of all the messenger boys and scrubbing women in the public service, uses some of the money to print and disseminate Congressional speeches upon the Southern elections, and in favor of protection and political assessments. But as the *Times* supports neither a protective tariff nor a system of extortion upon government clerks, yet believes itself to be a Republican paper, it naturally wishes to know whether doctrines which it opposes are Republican doctrines. If it studies the platforms of State Conventions, it is still unable clearly to ascertain what it wishes to know. The Republican Convention of Indiana demands a reduction and regulation of the tariff, that consumers may be relieved of unnecessary burdens, and a thorough, radical, and complete reform of the civil service. But the documents issued by the Congressional Committee are directly hostile to such demands. The Republican Convention of Kansas demands the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and asks Congress to aid by amending the revenue laws, and the Kansas Republican Convention also declares unreservedly for securing the right of women to vote. These are pleasant signs, because with the vote of Iowa upon prohibition they show, at least, that the Republican instinct is still that of morality, good order, and progress. But the demands of Indiana are certainly not in accord with the doctrines promulgated by the Congressional Committee, and the prohibition and equal suffrage advocated by Republican Kansas would hardly be accepted by Republican New York; and while the *Times*, a sturdy advocate of honest money, is inquiring, Mr. TILLEY, a Missouri "Stalwart," who would like to be regarded as a Republican of Republicans, advises the party in that State to make no nominations, but to unite with the Greenbackers.

The Southern question has really disappeared. The President, who is a "Stalwart," did not discuss it in his Message. Mr. BLAINE, who is a "Half-Breed," did not emphasize it in his late letter to Maine. Nobody doubts the Democratic crimes against a free vote, but nobody paid the least attention to the speeches in Congress upon the Southern elections. The reason is not indifference, but the fact that all that national law can do has been done. The *Times* holds that the three really important questions are, revision of the tariff, reduction of taxation, and administrative reform. Yet upon all these questions it is opposed to the general tone and teaching of the documents disseminated by the Republican Congressional Committee. It is, however, undeniable that the *Times* is as truly Republican as Mr. Chairman HUBBELL, or Senator HALE, or Judge KELLEY. It is equally undeniable, despite the HUBBELL documents, that protection and high taxation and the spoils system are not Republican doctrines. In a transition period like the present, when no great, immediate, practical issue divides parties, although parties still cohere, their feeling and drift may be observed most accurately in the press. Congress and Conventions are always timid, and try to find a form of declaration which will be the least disputed. They are voices of yesterday rather than of to-day. The actual process of political growth and change must be studied in the press. Judged by that test, the *Times* and not the HUBBELL Committee most truly represents Republican sentiment. The most intelligent Republican demand is not a tariff designed for protection, but for supplying revenue, with the least burden to industry; it is a demand to reduce taxation so as to diminish the cost of living, and to place the public service upon a business footing as a measure of the highest administrative economy and efficiency.

In a time of relaxed party tension like the present, a good way to determine the probable tendency of a party is to consider its natural tendency. The fundamental Republican principles are freedom and equal rights. These are principles not applicable to the colored race and their interests alone, but to all citizens and all interests in the country. Now it is plain enough where these principles would bring the party upon the questions of tariff, taxation, and reform. The greatest freedom of trade which is compatible with the general welfare, a system of taxation which shall be truly equal and not partial, administrative methods which, by protecting the service against oppression and caprice, promote the self-respect of the incumbent and the economy and effectiveness of the service, are all obviously Republican. The evidence of it, as we say, is in the tone of the more independent Republican press, now that, politically speaking, the country has come into the wind. Thus, upon the subject of political assessments—a form of administrative abuse which has commanded general attention through the summer—although the levy was made by Republicans, the most unsparing condemnation of it has proceeded from the Republican press. This fact has a significance which Democratic censure can not have, because the Republican party is in power. In the present situation, therefore, Republican doctrine is not to be sought in Mr. HUBBELL'S documents, not only because he has no party authority for his performances, but because they are not in harmony with the spirit of the party principles, and because they are condemned by the best party sentiment as shown in the press. It is, indeed, a period of political uncertainty. Both of the great parties are fiercely rent, and there are latent forces which may radically disturb party relations. The one thing certain is, that success in identifying the Republican party with reaction and with abuses that disgust the country would merely be success in destroying the party.

THE RESCUE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

MORE than once we have spoken of the fatal injury done to the State of New York, and to the national character itself, by the desecration of Niagara Falls. In the letters of correspondents during this summer we have observed a complaint of the diminishing public interest in the Falls as a resort, and of the great falling off in the number of visitors. This is due to the total want of care in preserving the attractive character of the neighborhood. Every kind of disagreeable object is huddled along the shore, until the complete vulgarization of all the approaches and points of vantage, the nuisance of encroaching buildings and hackmen and Indian shops, and a multitude of petty annoyances, fairly repel the visitor, and give the worst of reputations for comfort and agreeability to a resort which should be among the most delightful in the country. When the immediate neighborhood of Niagara is covered with factories and tenement-houses and their dependencies, the sublime spectacle, one of the true wonders of the world, will be effectually and forever lost as an influence of moral elevation and happiness. And this fate is already impending. One of the islands has been already ruined as a part of the landscape; others are threatened. The bank all along the American rapids has been shorn of foliage, of trees and vines, and covered with mills, barns, sheds, and unsightly structures. In two years the youngest heir of the Goat Island estate will come of age, and the island will be then sold and covered with factories. This is the time for action to save Niagara Falls. A few months later, even, will be too late. Is it worth while to preserve this natural wonder for the delight of the world? If it is, what shall be done?

Niagara is a great water-power, and there is no need of losing it as such. But that is not the question. It is not whether Niagara is more valuable as factory power or as beauty and sublimity, but how it shall best serve both use and beauty. The answer is simple, for the situation is obvious. The river above the Falls lies high over the lower country. Its power is available everywhere. By drawing it off above the cataract, and reserving a little space of shore, bank, and island all around the Falls, the problem is solved: the factories are built below; the cataract is saved. A strip of land broadening from a hundred feet at the end to eight hundred or a thousand feet above the Falls, inclosing the cataract and its immediate neighborhood, and capable of such landscape treatment as to plant out every unsightly object, is all that is necessary. Such a plan was suggested four or five years ago, and was most urgently commended by leading men on both sides of the river. But it was a general proposition, evidently most proper and desirable, but involving expense and trouble. It was nobody's business in particular, and after an admirable report from Mr. OLMSTED, and some attempts to arouse public interest, the subject dropped.

The representations now made, however, show that without prompt action Niagara is lost, except as a water-power. The rescue of the cataract, its proper preservation, and the permanent maintenance of its immediate vicinity as a public park, is a duty which the State of New York may wisely undertake. It is one of the public works for a high public purpose, like the gift of statues of eminent New-Yorkers to the Capitol at Washington, which public opinion would undoubtedly authorize. There is no doubt that if a few active, intelligent, and interested men in the State should take the project in hand upon the general basis of Mr. OLMSTED'S report, inviting him to make such further suggestions as might occur, the work would be done. Suitable representations to the Governor and general discussion in the press would unquestionably procure a recommendation to the Legislature, which would find then a responsive public spirit, so that it would be seed sown in a fruitful soil. Let New York spare herself the shame of the practical obliteration of Niagara Falls.

MONEY IN ELECTIONS.

WITH the opening of the political campaign in Maine there is the usual talk of the money that is to be poured into the State, and the conviction is rapidly extending in the country that elections are becoming mere contests of money. It is getting to be a conclusive recommendation of a candidate that he is rich and will spend freely. The candidacy of Mr. TILDEN in 1876 will be always associated with the fraud of his famous "bar'l," and the result in Indiana in 1880 was plainly attributed to DORSEY'S use of money. The more rapidly this conviction that elections are decided by money increases, the more certain is civil war. A disputed national election may be settled once peacefully, as in 1876–7. But he is a bold optimist who assumes that every such dispute will be as wisely adjusted. The root of the anti-monopoly movement in the public mind is the perception that the power of aggregated capital to buy the legislators who make laws and the judges who interpret them is an enormous danger, to be justly apprehended.

The Buffalo *Express*, in a recent forcible article, asserts that the nomination of rich men simply because of their willingness "to bleed" freely at the will of political managers has become a scandal and reproach to that city. It mentions the case of a candidate who had patiently paid what were called the "legitimate expenses" of a canvass until the eve of the election, when he was "struck" for money to use in the different wards at the polls, and the amount to be extorted by this final squeeze the managers placed at $13,000. It is a fair computation that nine-tenths of this sum, if it was paid, went into the pockets of the managers and of those whose votes they chose to buy. Now the legitimate expenses of an election are never large. In a rural county, adjacent to the city of New York, with which we are familiar, the honest expenses are but a few hundred dollars, and whenever a demand is made for great sums, as in Indiana in 1880, and often in Maine, the purpose is corruption. It may be called brass bands and barbecues and banners and transparencies, which are all legitimate in our elections, but under cover of these pretenses the corruption fund is raised. The Buffalo *Express* gives an interesting account of the independent campaign of Mr. HICKMAN in that city for the Assembly last year. "The machine" determined to defeat him because he would not vote in the Assembly for the return of Messrs. CONKLING and PLATT. It nominated another candidate, but an immense number of the best Republicans in Buffalo invited Mr. HICKMAN to stand. He accepted. They carried on the canvass with enthusiasm. They laid the case plainly before the people, and at the election the machine was smashed, the independent candidate was elected, and the entire expense of the election, including everything, was $1083 75, of which expenditure the independent Committee published in the newspapers an itemized account.

That is practical politics, honest politics, and American politics, of which the DORSEY school has no conception. The whole DORSEY school is false to the fundamental principle of republican government. Lord NORTH and the English King buying up Parliament to carry on war with the colonies were not greater traitors to constitutional liberty than American politicians of whom DORSEY is a type, and who undertake to carry on government by the corruption of voters and the terrorization of office-holders. Their argument is that we mustn't be too squeamish in politics. So Dick Turpin thought that we mustn't be too squeamish upon the road, and Mrs. Brownrigg and her son that they mustn't be too squeamish with their apprentices. But politicians who are not too squeamish to resort to despotism and corruption have always found a powerful body of citizens much too squeamish to submit to them. It is a favorite fancy among peddlers in politics that corruption is essential to success. But LECKY truly says of WASHINGTON: "He was in the highest sense of the words a gentleman and a man of honor, and he carried into public life the severest standard of private morals." WASHINGTON is still a good model for the American citizen.

A SUGGESTION.

AMONG the minor but by no means trifling ills of life is a dispute with a telegraph company in regard to the time at which a delayed dispatch has been sent. A great deal of ingenuity has been expended by the telegraph managers in placing their customers at a disadvantage in regard to this essential point in the transaction of their business. The blanks on which messages are copied for delivery bear a curious assortment of figures and letters supposed to indicate something important in the history of each message, but the recipient of one will search it in vain for any intel-

ligible information as to the time at which the message was given to the agent of the company. There are also numerous complicated statements in regard to the mutual rights and obligations of the companies and their customers, but these are seldom read, and if read, would, in the majority of cases, be almost incomprehensible to the ordinary mind. If, however, a message occupies, as in a recent instance, some eight hours in passing from a point ten miles distant from New York to this city, and the aggrieved person wishes to prove that fact, he has no evidence whatever that is even *primâ facie* conclusive as between the company and himself. It is usually impossible to secure the direct testimony of the sender, and the receiver has only the sender's general statements, always open to question by the company. This difficulty could be avoided, and a powerful incentive to promptness could be brought into operation, if the companies were compelled to transmit with every message, and to record on the delivery blank, the hour at which the message came into their hands. A note of this kind is made on the original manuscript of the message, but it is only available to the company. If it were inscribed on the message as delivered, the moral force exerted in the direction of accurate and speedy transmission would be great, and the amount of friction in this highly important portion of the daily business of modern life would be perceptibly diminished.

GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

THE Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., lately the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in this city, and at present an agent in Europe of an American life-insurance company, is the defendant in a curious suit at law. The suit is brought for a balance due the plaintiff on account of certain speculations in stocks, made while the defendant was still exercising his clerical functions, and in which he had ventured some eight thousand dollars. Of course we do not propose to discuss the merits of this suit. In fact, what may be called the social interest of the case depends not upon the disputed but upon the undisputed facts of the case, for the fact of the speculations is not denied.

The moral question involved in speculation in stocks seems to us too simple to be sophisticated, except by a man who has an interest in deceiving himself. Investment is one process; speculation is another. Any man, and a clergyman as well as any other, has the right and the duty to buy with his savings whatever he thinks will yield him the largest and most secure returns. If he foresees that certain property will be worth more than its present price, as the result either of his own labors or of the labors of others, he is fully entitled to the profit which accrues from his foresight. But the "operator" "on a margin" buys nothing but a right to secure the profits of such a fictitious advance as he believes will be brought about by his own manipulation or by that of somebody else. About the intrinsic or ultimate value of what he is buying he knows or cares nothing whatever. He "buys what he doesn't want, and sells what he hasn't got." Securities are to him simply things to bet upon. He arrives at a belief that a certain stock is going up or down, as he might arrive at a belief that a certain card is to turn up at faro, or the ball to fall into a certain compartment of the wheel at roulette. What but simple gambling is the "backing" of an opinion like this? If he believes that he knows how the cards have been arranged or the wheel "fixed," does that fact heighten the dignity of his moral attitude? In gambling-houses persons believed to be privy to the arrangement of the cards or of the wheel are excluded with every circumstance of ignominy. In spite of this moral advantage which gambling-houses seem to enjoy over the Stock Exchange, clergymen and respectable laymen would object to be found taking "flyers" in gambling-houses, which, indeed, only remain open on sufferance, and because the police prefer to ignore them; while no moralist has hitherto proposed to "pull" the Stock Exchange.

That the business of the Stock Exchange has little more relation to productive industry or to legitimate investment than the prohibited business of unlegalized gambling-houses may be easily made evident. An experienced and successful broker was not long ago asked what proportion of the business of the Stock Exchange was its legitimate business of furnishing a market for investment in securities. His answer was that an estimate of 10,000 shares a day would without doubt be extravagant. The business of the Stock Exchange reached at that time a volume of 600,000 shares a day. Of this vast business, of which the brokerage alone amounted to $150,000, the legitimate nucleus and pretext, according to this expert, was a trifle more than one and a half per cent. Investment was to speculation as sixteen to a thousand. The daily business of the Exchange during recent months has averaged about half this extraordinary figure, say 300,000 shares a day. At this rate, the whole capital represented by all the securities dealt in upon the Exchange is "turned over" between three and four times a year, for the yearly business would reach the inconceivable total of nine thousand millions. Supposing the investment demand to remain constant at the "extravagant" estimate just given of 10,000 shares a day, the "speculative" demand is responsible for the nominal transfer of $8,700,000,000, of which one-tenth part is actually at risk "on a margin," to be multiplied or "wiped out," as the case may be, and in any case to be reduced by the constant attrition of brokers' commissions, at the trifling rate of a quarter of one per cent. to the two brokers engaged in each transaction, to the extent of $22,500,000 annually. In other words, the "lambs" of this country are risking money in mere and sheer gambling, through the New York Stock Exchange alone, at the rate of eight hundred and seventy millions a year.

These are appalling figures. Of course it is necessary to make some rather violent assumptions in order to arrive at them, such as that all sales reported are genuine, and that all stocks are at par, and it is impossible to give the figures accurately. But after all possible abatements are made, they remain appalling. The country is rich, as all of us keep on all the while telling each other, but is it rich enough to stand the like of this? For all this money risked and wasted, lost and won, has somewhere and by somebody been actually earned, dug out of the ground, or drawn from the forests or the sea. It is part of the surplus of the productive industry of the country. But it is not the pecuniary but the moral aspect of all this that is most depressing. Think what a proportion of this money comprises the whole hoards and long accumulations of those who have put it at risk! Think of the unwholesome excitement the risk involves, of the contempt of regular industry it induces, and then say wherein it is intrinsically more respectable, or ought to be socially more reputable, or legally more permissible, than the undisguised gambling of the faro-bank.

Whoever is tempted to risk his savings in stock speculations may profitably turn these considerations over in his mind before yielding to the temptation. There is a stirring discourse waiting to be preached to our generation from the ancient text of SOLOMON, "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." Those whom SOLOMON'S admonition would not suffice to deter from gambling in stocks may yet be deterred by the moral which so many stories of stock speculation also bear—that he that maketh haste to be rich shall not necessarily be rich either.

ENGLISH PURPOSES IN EGYPT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Paris *Figaro*, under the signature of "Un Anglais," describes with great frankness, and a fineness of *esprit* that leaves his pseudonym open to suspicion, the real designs of England in Alexandria. "England," he says, "has never dreamed of going beyond Alexandria. She has reached there, as she wished, after long seeking an occasion and long preparation. Now she is installed and fortified, and she will not leave." He declares that the Suez Canal in the hands of England is for her a Pactolus; in those of any other power, it might be the Styx. After the French had built the canal, without English consent and against English wishes, Gibraltar and Malta were strengthened greatly; then DISRAELI bought the Khedive's shares; and finally, at Berlin, England secured Cyprus, opposite the canal. Now she has Alexandria, which with Cyprus forms "the tongs that hold Egypt," as Cherbourg and Antwerp, according to NAPOLEON (the Great), were the tongs with which he meant to hold England. With this, England is content to keep ARABI from interfering with her work, and regards with patient contempt the criticisms upon her inactivity. All this savors of the wisdom dealt out by the column in the intimate discussion of the world's affairs by journalist statesmen, but it accords more nearly with the recent action of England than most of the explanations offered in the English journals. There is at least this much to be said of it, that the assault on the Alexandria forts, which appeared so insufficiently justified by immediate circumstances, was made with the vigor and determination of a meditated action, for which an opportunity was made rather than seized. And no one probably expects that the hand of England, once laid on the key to the defense of the great canal, will be lightly removed.

THE "BOYS."

THE moral effect of hiring one gang of murderous "boys" to extirpate another does not seem to be what the Governor of Missouri fondly anticipated. Some "boys" have been entering a bank in Illinois, and after beating the cashier senseless, and gagging the assistant cashier with her own hair, have locked them both into the safe, taking away whatever was of more use to themselves. Whether this is the work of the surviving JAMES "boy" or not, it is evident that the official sanction of murder does not effectually "rebuke the spirit of lawlessness," and the communities concerned will have to try something else. The FORD "boys," by-the-way, have a clear alibi, being engaged in exhibiting themselves throughout Missouri, in connection, as one of them explained, with "strictly first-class shows." They may, however, possibly be retained by the Governor of Illinois to assist in the search for the Kankakee robbers, if he ascertains who these robbers are, but fails to catch them. It seems, on the whole, a bad lookout for the party of law and order when it has to recruit its police from such of the criminal classes as happen to be temporarily disaffected or unemployed. It is feared, too, that the Kankakee incident may unfavorably affect the chances of Governor CRITTENDEN for re-election. Of course this would be illogical. His policy in enlisting the friendly "boys" to take the war-path against the hostile "boys" should be judged without reference to its results. But even voters are not always logical, and have a habit of judging things by the event. Some indiscreet friends of the Governor have asserted that his action cleared the State of "boys," and if the ravages of the "boys" who have broken out in a neighboring State should extend to Missouri, and demonstrate the baselessness of this claim, it is to be feared that the moral greatness of the Governor's conduct will fail to impress the voters of Missouri.

PERSONAL.

SEVERAL gentlemen who have been men of note in New York have died during the past week. First was FREDERICK GAILLARDET, for many years editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, a man of fine abilities and culture, who during the war was a stanch friend of the North, and made his opinions felt in France. Next was JESSE HOYT, who for nearly half a century was one of the foremost merchants of New York, who took an active part in many enterprises here and in the West which tended largely to develop the commerce of the country. He left a fortune estimated at about $10,000,000. Another gentleman, who had resided here for a shorter period, Judge WILLIAM SCHLEY, died suddenly at Saratoga Springs. Judge SCHLEY was from Savannah, and for many years occupied a seat on the bench of the higher courts of Georgia. He was a man of ability, of very gracious and genial manners, and was held in deservedly high esteem by those who knew him.

—WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, gives a humorous account of the desultory manner in which he came to know what he does know. He never had any systematic education to speak of, but picked up a vast array of smatterings, a crude and confused jumble of hydraulics, Latin verbs, vegetable physiology, Czerny's Exercises for the Piano, and a dozen other things. The result of all this was that he found himself engaged at one and the same time on a translation of Livy, which was to excel in literal accuracy anything the world had ever seen before; on the formation of a complete collection of British flowering plants; and on the construction—on paper—of a perpetual motion machine. But the chiefest of his ambitions, he says, "was to become a landscape painter; and I labored away for a year or two at the Government School of Art, and presented my friends with the most horrible abominations in water-color and oils. As an artist I was a complete failure, and so qualified myself for becoming in after-life, for a time, an art critic."

—Miss LOUISA HOWARD, of Burlington, has added to her liberal benefactions by giving to President BUCKHAM, of the university in that city, $5000 to establish five scholarships, which must be assigned to Green Mountain boys of good minds, manners, and morals.

—Mr. SAMUEL HAWK, Sen., of the Windsor Hotel, who died a few days since at Long Beach, was a man whose house and whose calling is so finely described by SHENSTONE:

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

And the great Dr. JOHNSON said, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Archbishop LEIGHTON went further in often saying that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. Mr. HAWK was a master of his business, and understood thoroughly the art of making his guests feel at home. Among hotel-keepers he was highly esteemed, and by his employés he was greatly beloved. He was a very benevolent man, and took an active part in the affairs of Zion Church in this city, of which he was a warden.

—Archbishop LYNCH, of Toronto, while on his homeward way from Rome, was formally presented to the Prince of Wales at a levée in London held in behalf of the Queen. The fact is significant in that for over 200 years no Roman Catholic prelate has been presented as such at court. The honor has not been extended to Cardinal MANNING, or even Cardinal HOWARD, cousin to the Duke of Norfolk. Both have been invited to garden parties at Buckingham Palace, but simply as British subjects, not Roman Catholic dignitaries. Since the days of Queen ELIZABETH the court dress prescribed for ecclesiastics has been strictly black, owing to her strong aversion to the Roman purple, and so it was something new to see the Canadian bishop in a *soutanelle*, purple stockings, and wearing on his crown a purple *zucchetta*, and around his neck a golden chain with cross pendent.

—Mr. MCMASTER, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, says there is not the slightest foundation for the report that Archbishop FEEHAN, of Chicago, is to be created cardinal. The *Journal* has exceptional sources of information as to what is going on in Church matters at Rome, and doubtless states the fact.

—A London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* sends to that journal an elaborate description of the London *Daily News*, its proprietorship, management, and *personnel*. The manager is Mr. J. R. ROBINSON, an able man, "who passes his life between the office of the *Daily News* and the Reform Club, where he eats his luncheon every day in the company of Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, and Mr. JAMES PAYN, the former of whom at one period wrote numerous articles in the *Daily News*. Personally Mr. ROBINSON is proud of his keen perception of merit in a writer, and his faculty of attracting good special correspondents and retaining them. His prime *trouvaille* was ARCHIBALD FORBES, the prince of war correspondents; but he has also been successful in finding others whose letters have stood the test of reprinting, and thus advertised the quality of the *Daily News* in the best and most permanent manner. Having acted himself for many years as the London correspondent of the Boston *Daily Post* and the Chicago *Tribune*, Mr. ROBINSON had acquired a knack of looking for men as well as news. Thanks to his able management of war news, and the admirable work done by Mr. FORBES during the Franco-Gallic war, the *Daily News* speedily became a paying concern. This is not the place in which to write a biography of Mr. 'ARCHIE' FORBES, who is at this moment almost as well known in the United States as in England. His portrait by HERKOMER has been one of the attractions of the Royal Academy Exhibition, and the news of his intended marriage is a matter of interest to everybody in England, from the Prince of Wales downward. Having taken the first rank as a 'special,' Mr. FORBES has now laid it down for the career of a lecturer, in which he has achieved marked success."

—Senator VANCE, of North Carolina, has always something humorous to say by way of illustration when he addresses the Senate. Speaking recently against a bill which he considered "penny-wise but pound-foolish," he said it reminded him of a kind old man who lives at the top of a hill in North Carolina. One day a wagoner came by, and unluckily got his team "stalled" at the foot of the hill. To the old man's house he went, asking the loan of a pair of mules and a "fifth chain" to help him up the hill. Said the kind old man: "My friend, I have not got a pair of mules or a fifth chain to save your life. But I am always anxious to help a man in distress; I can lend you the best fiddle you ever drew a bow across."

—Mr. JONATHAN GODFREY, of Southport, Connecticut, who died recently at the age of eighty-five, was one of the most prominent business men of the State. He was extensively engaged in shipping affairs, and was a large vessel owner. Twenty years ago he superintended the construction of the ship *United States*, at Gildersleeve's Landing, which was the largest vessel ever launched on the Connecticut River.

—One of the indefatigable interviewers of the New York *Herald* recently called on Mrs. LANGTRY, whom he found in a handsome, loose red robe, with long and luxuriant hair falling below her waist. "She apologized for receiving me *en déshabillé*, hoped I would not mind if she sat with her back to the fire to dry her hair, which had just been washed, and remarked, with a bewitching smile: 'You know my father is a prominent man in the Church. He is the Dean of Jersey, and the head of the ecclesiastics in Jersey, and the oldest dean in the Church of England. It is rather curious that all my ancestors—father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and I don't know how many more—have been deans. The LE BRETONS seem to have a sort of prescriptive right to the deanery of Jersey. My pedigree being good, and my position in Jersey society being assured, it was not surprising that I should be well received. Yes, I was born and educated in Jersey, but it is not correct for you to say that I spent my bread-and-butter days there. I never had any bread-and-butter days. As the only sister of six stout brothers, I shared their out-door sports in a most boyish fashion. It would be more accurate to describe my girlhood as my "Tomboy days," I think.' In reply to my question as to the whereabouts of her six brothers, Mrs. LANGTRY replied, her beautiful eyes filling with tears: 'Only two of them are living now. One died in Canada, far away from home and family. My brother CLEMENT LE BRETON, who is a barrister in good standing in London, married Lord RANELAGH'S daughter, and it was through Lord RANELAGH and the painter FRANK MILES that I was first introduced into London society. This was after I had been married for some years to Mr. LANGTRY, who at the time of my marriage owned property in Ireland worth about £3000 a year, but which is now not worth more than £300. My life in Jersey had been spent almost entirely in the open air, and as Mr. LANGTRY was fond of yachting, I became an expert yachtswoman, and was very fond of all sorts of out-door exercise, but I longed to see something more of the world.'"

RICHARD WAGNER.

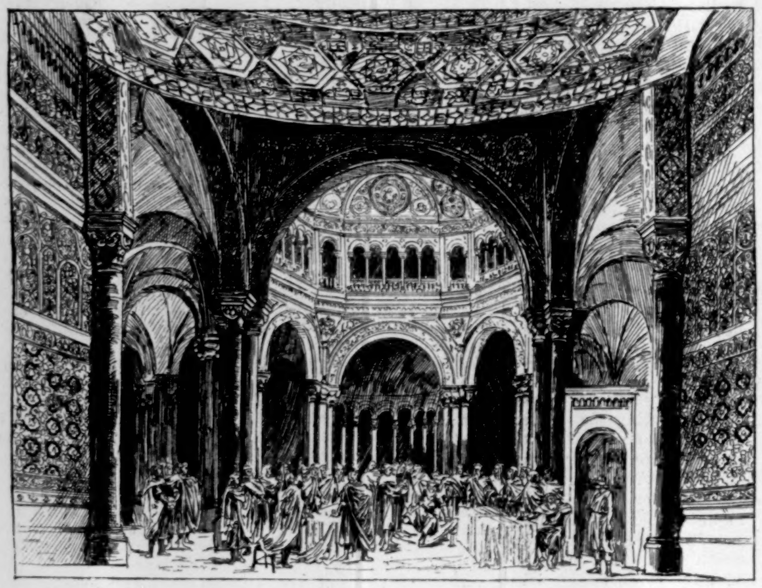
"PARSIFAL."

It is more than a coincidence that the first of living poets and the first of living musicians should alike have found the inspiration of their ripest work in what the former calls

"this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul."

For the significance of the rude old German epic is but national. The meaning of the "old imperfect tale," made new in their several ways by Tennyson and by Wagner, is human and perennial, and the legend first set forth in verse, and perhaps first in written words, by Chrestien de Troyes in the twelfth century, has inspired some of the noblest art of the nineteenth.

ACT I. SCENE 2.



ACT I. SCENE 3.

FR. MATERNA.

Parsifal, in the Germanized version of the myth, made current by Wolfram von Eschenbach, and adopted by Wagner, is the father of Lohengrin, and the type of purity, "the guileless fool," as his Arabic name signifies, or the "innocent," according to the archaic and now provincial meaning of that word. In a larger sense he typifies Christianity, while Klingsor, the master of Kundry, the heroine of the opera, typifies impurity, and historically paganism. She is the wandering Jewess, doomed to roam the earth and tempt mankind until she is released from her enchantment. Here evidently are the elements for "shadowing Sense at war with Soul"; and Wagner avails himself of them, as his way is, in a procession of pictures, connected and explained by dramatic action, detached from common life and removed from the world of common things, set in a fairy-land of their own and swathed in a sunshine of their own, by the luminous veil which the orchestra seems to interpose between them and us. It is a mixture of images to talk of sounds as performing this function; but nobody who has heard *Lohengrin* will be at a loss to understand what is meant, and the common testimony of those who have seen and heard *Parsifal* is that in that which so distinguishes *Lohengrin* from all other operas—in the completeness, namely, of its detachment from prosaic actualities, and in the perfection of this romantic illusion—*Parsifal* is even more poetic than *Lohengrin*.

The "argument" of *Parsifal* sets forth how Klingsor, the evil enchanter, coveting the sacred and magical spear of Amfortas, King of the Knights of the Holy Grail, sends his bondwoman, the temptress Kundry, to exercise her wiles upon the King. Yielding to these, Amfortas drops the spear, and Klingsor, snatching it, wounds the King deeply in the side. This grievous wound can not be healed until it has been touched by the hand of one stainless and sinless, and of power to repel the arts which have beguiled the King. Parsifal comes, and, withstanding those blandishments before unresisted, possesses himself of the spear, slays the enchanter (whose death releases Kundry from her long bondage), and laying stainless hands upon the King, restores him, and is chosen King of the Knights in his stead, and Kundry dies a penitent.

The curtain rises on the forest near Monsalvat, the castle of the Grail. The King, wounded near to death, is borne under the trees along the road from the castle to the lake, in whose waters he hopes for some assuagement of his pain. Here it is that Kundry, weary with hard riding through the night, and in disordered dress, announced by the orchestral figure that is to follow her throughout, halts the bearers, and offers them a precious balsam of Arabia for the wounded man. As one of the attendants is telling the story of the duel in which the King received his wound, there is a cry of horror from the lake. One of the sacred swans falls wounded; and then, with the "Parsifal motiv" sounded by the horns of the orchestra, appears "the guileless fool." Convinced by the innocence with which he avows the shooting of the swan, and by the simplicity of all his answers, that this indeed is he who is prophesied to succeed to the guardianship of the Grail, the attendants call upon him to go with them to the castle.

Even as they go, the forest fades away, they disappear through an opening in the cliff, then re-appear in a long corridor which leads downward and backward. (Act I., scene 2.) The dim passage expands into a mighty hall, lit only from the great eye of its lofty dome. Then comes a sound of chimes, and while the stranger gazes, two by two the Knights of the Grail march in. There is a solemn chorus of the knights, with the accompaniment of an unseen choir of boys. Then the wounded King is borne in, the Holy Grail is uncovered, and the sacrament is administered to the reverent knights. (Act I., scene 3.) Wagner is reported to have said of this scene, "I have been writing music all my life, and now for the first time I am satisfied."

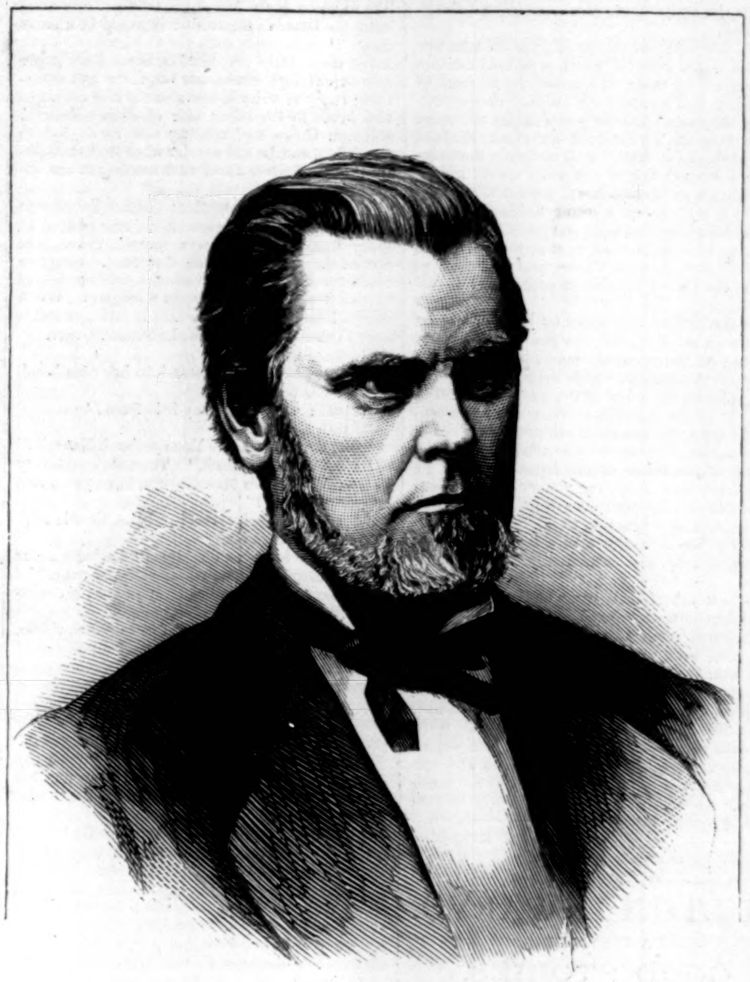
It is the magician Klingsor's witches' cave (Act II., scene 1), which changes after a little to the enchanter's magic garden, and into this "the guileless fool" has been allured. While he looks upon the rows of waving flowers, they are transmuted into maidens. Taking alarm at first, they beg the stranger not to harm them, and when he re-assures them with friendly greetings; they approach him nearer and nearer, and at last surround him, waving welcome, and singing the "Caressing Melody." His welcome turns to coldness as the warmth of theirs increases, and he repels them mildly, then resolutely, and at last with rudeness, and just then he hears the voice of the arch-temptress calling him. The wooing maidens vanish, and he sees Kundry, changed from the weary and disarrayed girl whom he has seen to a charmed and charming loveliness. She wooes him with the story of his own birth and childhood, which he has never heard, and offers him her love to make up all that he has lost. He hesitates a moment, but he is not lost, for then, recalled to himself, he springs up and starts away. (Act II., scene 2.) She presses her love upon him again and again, and at last calls the enchanter, who hurls at Parsifal the sacred and irresistible spear. But it hangs harmless over the head of "the guileless fool," who grasps it, and signing with it in the air the sign of the cross, now sees the garden swept into a desert, while the maidens are shrivelled into noisome weeds. Kundry is left, and with her he leaves a warning.

It is spring in Monsalvat, after many years. Parsifal has wandered all these years to find and heal the King, and his wanderings have been in vain. But now they have brought him to his goal, the gate of the castle of the Grail. It is Good-Friday morning. An old gray man, whom Parsifal does not know, and of whom he asks his way, knows him, and knows the spear with which he has never parted. It is the attendant whom he met here long ago, and with him is Kundry, freed by her resister from her long curse, and enlisted in the service of the Grail. She bathes and anoints the stranger's feet, and he, taking from her the flask of ointment, commands the man to pour it on his head, for this day he must be anointed King. They take their slow way to the great hall of the first act. The King, sick for many years from his wound, and stricken in conscience with his sin, has all these years refused, as unworthy, to expose the Grail, and now his father, deprived of the miraculous strength the sight of it gave him, lies here dead. The knights entreat him again to uncover the sacred vessel, but he only moans a prayer that they will help him die. Parsifal steps forward, touches with the sacred spear the wound received through sin, and the King is made whole. Then the guileless knight proclaims himself the guileless King, and commands that the shrine be opened. As the Grail appears again, and all are gazing, Kundry the penitent is overcome with the blessed sight, and sinks lower, lower, to a happy swoon of death.

ACT II. SCENE 1. SCENES FROM "PARSIFAL"—WAGNER'S NEW OPERA. ACT II. SCENE 2.

THE LATE SENATOR HILL.

The Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, late United States Senator from Georgia, died on the 16th inst., at Atlanta, of cancer, after a lingering and painful illness, borne with heroic fortitude. Mr. Hill was born in Jasper County, Georgia, in 1823. He received a classical education, graduated at the Athens University in 1844, and immediately began the study of law. The following year he was admitted to the bar, and soon attained a lucrative practice. In 1851, and again in 1859, Mr. Hill was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature. He joined in the secession movement in the South, and became a member of the Confederate Senate. In 1875 he was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress to fill a vacancy, and was re-elected at the close of his term. He soon resigned, having been chosen to represent his State in the United States Senate.



THE LATE SENATOR BENJAMIN H. HILL.—[Photographed by Brady.]

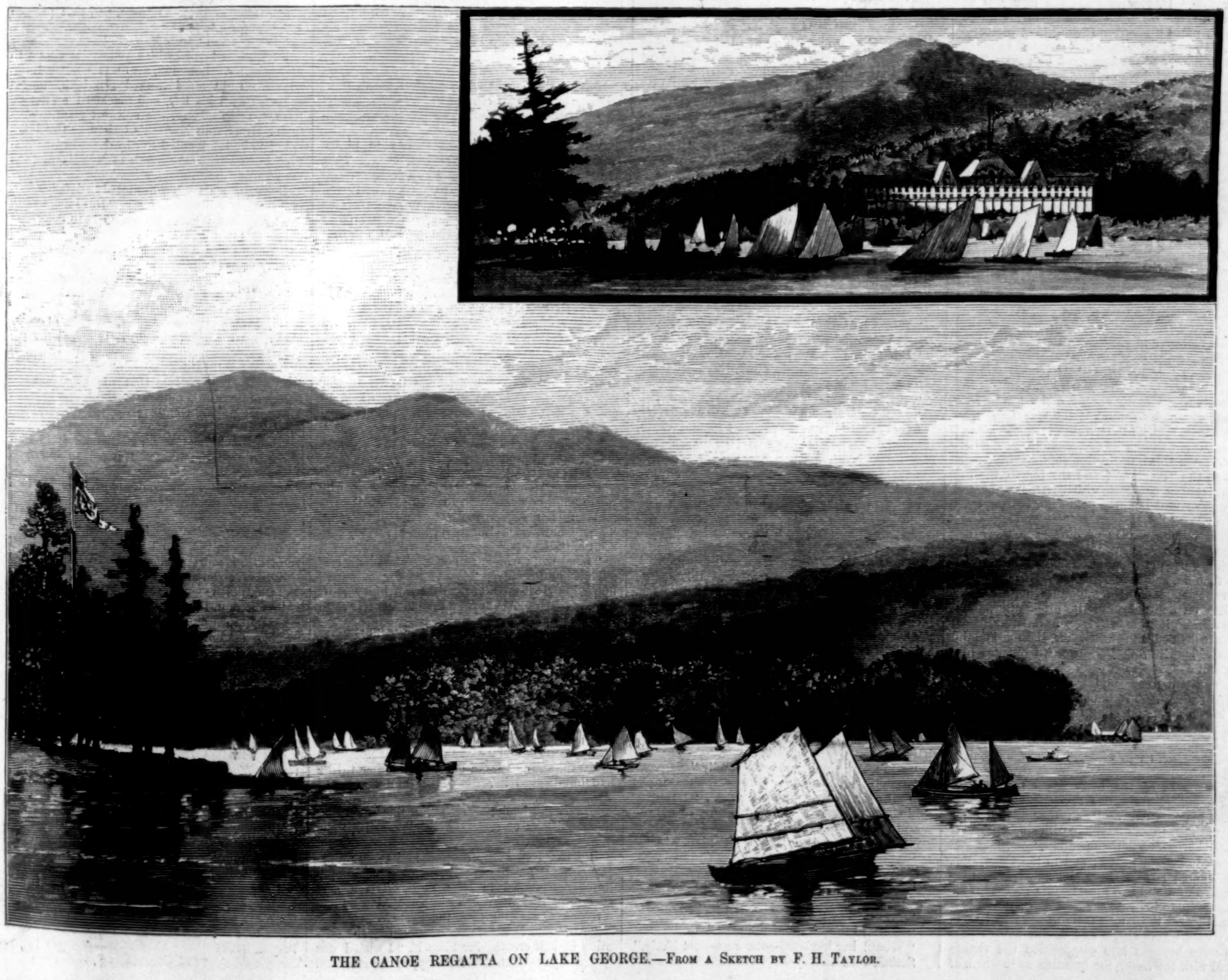
CANOES AT LAKE GEORGE.

Canoeing, of all out-of-door sports, seems to be the one which unites men of all ages, professions, and dispositions in the strongest bonds of common brotherhood. Among the hundred or more members of the American Canoe Association who gathered at Lake George last week, and held their third annual convention and regatta, were clergymen, editors, lawyers, doctors, merchants, gray-headed men, and boys just entering college, all enthusiasts together, and recognizing no distinctions of class or condition save those conferred by various degrees of excellence in paddling, sailing, cooking, singing a song, or telling a story.

The American Canoe Association, formed three years ago, and now numbering 260 members, could not, in all this country, have selected a more central or more picturesquely beautiful sheet of water for its annual gathering and trials of skill and strength than Lake George. But one objection can be urged against it, and that is its light, variable winds and sudden squalls, which make it one of the most dangerous sailing grounds in the country. To New-Yorkers, accustomed to the open waters and steady breezes of their bay, these puffy, shifting winds are particularly aggravating, and provocative of many a salt-water anathema. The canoeists' camp at Lake George is on Lorna Island, one of a group of three known as the Canoe Islands, about five miles down the lake from its head at Caldwell. In its irregularity, its quaint appointments, and its variety of composition, the camp of the canoeists stands pre-eminent for picturesqueness. Its central object is a snug log cabin, which forms the permanent head-quarters of the Association, and beside which is reared a lofty flag-staff overtopping the heavy growth of trees with which the island is covered. From this pole float the American flag and the banner of the A. C. A.—a pointed burgee of red, white, and red, emblazoned with the initial letters of the Association. Spread over the entire island, and so hidden among the trees that only a near approach reveals them, are the tents, almost as various in design as their occupants are numerous, and in nearly every case exhibiting some ingenious contrivance for stowing in small compass, or for securing the largest amount of room at least expense of material. Above them flutter the gay pennons representing club and private signals. The Canadians, who are most enthusiastic canoeists, are conspicuous for their display of bunting, and above their camp float in bewildering confusion the British and Canadian ensigns, their Association flags, club flags, and private signals, all containing dashes of crimson or vivid scarlet that contrast beautifully with the background of brown tree trunks and green foliage. At night, camp fires blaze from end to end of the island, and throw broad bands of light far out over the still waters; and the canoe lanterns, showing a white light in front, green on the starboard, and red on the port hands, flash like gigantic fire-flies among the trees or from the open tents.

The canoeists are a jolly lot, and after supper, and after the stern duty of washing dishes has been performed to the satisfaction of the autocratic cook, the gatherings around the camp fires are enlivened by an infinite fund of jest, anecdote, and song; nor are practical jokes beneath the dignity of the canoeist when in camp. It was truly an edifying sight, a few nights since, to see a couple of elderly gentlemen steal quietly out from one of the large club tents about midnight, creep up to an adjoining tent—that of a rival club—with as much caution as though they were Indian warriors after scalps, slyly loosen all the guy-ropes until the tent was in imminent danger of falling, arouse the startled occupants by a series of unearthly yells, and rush back to their own tent, where a moment later they were snugly rolled in their blankets, and apparently sleeping the sleep of innocence. And again, it was interesting, as a test of the strength of human joints, to see several members of this rival club seize upon the foot of one of these same elderly gentlemen, which, while he was asleep, he had thrust from beneath the side of the tent, and pull with the purpose of capturing him bodily. This attempt at kidnapping was resisted by the comrades of the unfortunate man, who, inside the tent, catching hold of him by head and arms, opposed their strength to that of the enemy, until, overcome by superior force, they were forced to let go, and the howling victim was ignominiously drawn from cover, and deposited on the soft earth in the star-light outside.

The second day of camping was set apart as ladies' reception-day, and extensive preparations were made to render the appearance of the camp as attractive as possible. Tent flaps were drawn aside, and the brightest-colored blankets placed on top of the neatly made beds. Festoons of gay flags were strung among the trees, and long lines of canoes were drawn up on shore, and arranged with all sails set, so as to show to the greatest



THE CANOE REGATTA ON LAKE GEORGE.—From a Sketch by F. H. Taylor.

advantage. These preparations were, however, useless; for, shortly before the guests were expected, a series of violent thunder-showers began, and lasted, almost without intermission, during the remainder of the day. In the midst of one of them an individual who was sweeping the lake with a glass announced that a capsized canoe, above the bottom of which he could make out a man's head, was drifting in the water about a mile from camp. Instantly a dozen active fellows sprang into their canoes and started to the rescue, while those who remained behind heated water, warmed blankets, and provided restoratives for the unfortunate. An anxious interval elapsed before the little procession of canoes was seen slowly returning, towing in their midst the object of their rescue. All hands rushed down to the beach in the pouring rain to offer assistance, and all hands retired in great disgust when the rescuing fleet opened and disclosed a water-soaked log, on one side of which was a great knotty protuberance looking not unlike a human head.

During the week the most conspicuous figure in the camp has been that of Judge NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, of Cincinnati, the Commodore of the Association. His handsome, good-natured face, surmounted by an immense hat of coarse straw, decorated with feathers, chromos, advertising cards of gaudy colors, and postage stamps, has reflected the glow of every camp fire, and been welcomed at the entrance of every tent, while he has made the personal acquaintance of every one of "his children," as, irrespective of age, he terms the members of his command. His description of the methods of the Cincinnati Canoe Club, of which he is the most prominent member, contains many suggestions which may be of value to other similar organizations. He says that the club is a close corporation of ten members, who have known and liked each other for years. Their club-house, built like a ship's cabin, with swinging lamp in the centre, bunks ranged around the sides, and short companionway leading up to the quarter-deck or porch, stands on the shore of Lake Ross, a small lake a few miles out from the city. Hither the club repairs once a week, and spends two nights and a day. A series of sailing matches decides the rank of each member for the ensuing week, the winner being Commodore, and the others in order Vice-Commodore, Fleet Surgeon, Cook, Scullion, and first, second, third, or fourth Assistant Scullions. The two ranking officers have nothing to do but smoke cigars, read, chat, and maintain their dignity. The fleet surgeon has full control of the *medicine* chest or locker, and only issues such supplies as are in his judgment proper and necessary. The cook is the paramount authority from whose decision there is no appeal. No dues nor assessments are collected, but the necessary funds are raised by the imposition by the cook of fines for any negligence of duty that may come under his observation. If, for instance, the larder is in need of a flitch of bacon or barrel of flour, and the cook notes a member furling his sails carelessly, he immediately fines that member so much bacon or flour, and the fine must be paid. This small but powerful club furnishes a practical example of the workings of a reformed civil service, based upon principles of purest democracy, that places in positions of honor the men most worthy to fill them, and makes their tenure of office dependent upon their own ability. Thus the unworthy commodore of to-day may be the fourth assistant scullion of to-morrow, and *vice versa*; and even the highest ranking officers can not escape the eagle eye and imperative impositions of their subordinate, the cook, if they are guilty of neglect of duty.

Not the least interesting nor least important feature of the week's session of the Canoe Association has been its three days' regatta, during which were paddled or sailed twelve races, so arranged as to bring out the best points of each class or style of canoe. These styles are almost infinite in their variety, and are known to the canoeist as the "Nautilus," "Shadow," "Pearl," "Rob Roy," "Princess," "Jersey Blue," "Racine," "Peterboro'," "Herald," "Stella Maris," etc., but by the Association are more simply divided into four classes, of which the first is the very light paddling canoe, such as the "Rob Roy"; the second is a sailable paddling canoe, such as the "Peterboro'"; the third, the paddleable sailing canoe, such as the "Shadow"; and the fourth, the big sailing canoes provided with centre-boards, and carrying several hundred pounds of ballast, such as the "Pearl."

With infinite shades of difference, there are two general classes of paddles—the single-bladed, which are used only on one side of the canoe, Indian fashion, and the double-bladed, to use which the canoeist sits in the middle of his boat, and paddles on one side and the other alternately Also with an infinite variety of differences, canoe sails are divided into two classes, the lug and the lateen. The New-Yorkers use two balance lug-sails and double-bladed paddles. The Cincinnati men use one immense lateen-sail and double-bladed paddles. The Canadians, as a rule, carry two lateen-sails, and cling to single-bladed paddles. Of course each section made an effort to send its representative men, and the result of the various contests was watched with the greatest interest.

A summary of the races gives to the New York club, with balance lug-sails and double-bladed paddles, five first and four second class prizes; to the Cincinnati club, with single lateens, centre-boards, and double paddles, three first and two second class prizes; and to the Canadians, with double lateen-sails and single-bladed paddles, two first and two second class prizes. This would seem to indicate the superiority of the balance lug over the lateen form of sail; and as in every case where single and double bladed paddles were brought into competition the victory rested with the latter, the question as to which of them is the better would also seem to be definitely settled.

That a meeting of this kind gives an immense impetus to the cause in which it is held can not be doubted by those who noted the throngs of spectators who watched and cheered the contestants in the races from the green slopes of Crosby side, or from the gay flotilla of boats that enlivened the waters of the lake. And certainly the spectacle of seventy-five of the most dainty sailing craft known to modern naval architecture, scudding in a body before a strong southerly breeze, with white wings expanded, and gay colors streaming from each mast-head, past shores unrivalled for their own natural beauty, was sufficient to attract the visitor and rouse enthusiasm in his breast.

The convention was closed on Friday night by a business meeting and banquet at the Crosby House. At the banquet were distributed the prizes of the regatta, which were merely silken flags, it being the policy of the Association not to offer any prizes of sufficient value to attract other than the most honorable competition.

Among the features of this meeting were the beating of the crack sailors from the West by those from New York, the victory of the Western paddling champion over New York's crack paddler, and the admission to the honorary membership of the Association of a lady, Miss MARY FULLER, of Troy, who owns and paddles her own canoe.

As the members broke camp on Saturday morning, and little white-winged fleets shot out in every direction from Lorna Island, bearing members east, west, north, and south, the air was filled with calls of "God bless you, old fellow," "See you again next year," "Good-by," "Keep us in mind," etc.; and blown upon steam-whistles, bugles, fish-horns, conchs, and boatswains' whistles, with every variety of inflection and degree of volume, were the three long blasts and one short one which form the American Canoe Association's saluting signal, and which may be rendered by dashes thus, ——— ——— ——— —.

KIRK MUNROE.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "HARD CASH," "PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE," "FOUL PLAY," "GRIFFITH GAUNT," "THE WOMAN-HATER," ETC.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X.

IT seemed as if everything was to be smoothed for their going home. At the docks they found Solomon Grace superintending Custom-house work, and Sarah beckoned him, and asked him how she should get her boxes on board.

"Going home already? What, without your husband?"

"Sir, my husband has abandoned me."

"What, altogether?"

"Me and my child."

"The miserable cuss!"

Having thus delivered himself, he said it was his business to obey her orders. He couldn't leave that spot just then, but if she would give him the ticket, his mate should stow her things in the cabin. This was done accordingly. Meantime he asked leave to put her a question.

"As many as you please," said she, calmly.

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"With a lady who called herself Mrs. Haynes."

"At One-hundred-and-fourth Street?"

"I don't know, unfortunately. But since you ask, perhaps you know that Mrs. Haynes."

"I rather think I do."

"That is curious."

"Well, no. I've known her nine years. Why, her first husband was a cousin of mine. When he died I always intended to be number two; only I didn't like to ask her in the church-yard; but that 'ere Britisher warn't so nice; he slipped in ahead of me."

Sarah turned her brown eye full on him with growing interest. "I understand perfectly," said she. "You respected her most because you loved her best."

Solomon stared at her. He was utterly amazed, but at the same time charmed, at this gentle stranger reading him so favorably all in a moment, and reading him right. He asked her, a little sheepishly, if he might make so free as to take her hand. "You are very welcome, I am sure," said she, smiling calmly.

"I'll tell *you* the truth," said he, "though it's agin myself. I love her still; can't get her out of my head nohow."

"Why should you?" said she, loftily.

Solomon stared at that.

"It's like poor Joe Pinder," said she, half to herself.

"Can't say; don't know the family."

Sarah began to wonder. Presently she scanned him all over with her steady eyes. "I think," said she, slowly, "it must be my duty to write a note to Mrs. Haynes."

"About her housing you for the night?"

"About that and other things. You know her and respect her; will you give it her?"

"Of course I will."

"Into her own hand?"

"And glad of the job."

"Not into the hands of the man."

"What! her husband—the cuss—not likely."

Satisfied on that point, Sarah said she would like to go on board out of the bustle. She could write the letter in the cabin; it would be a short one. Then Solomon took her and Lucy on board. After some little preparation Sarah took paper and an envelope out of her bag: she had everything ready to write to her sister. She sat down and wrote to the other wife of James Mansell. Solomon Grace had nothing else to do but to watch her, and he did wonder what that thoughtful brow and white hand were sending to the woman he still loved.

It was no simple matter; the Englishwoman had a difficult task before her. She paused at every line. Her face was solemn, grave, and powerful. So the puzzle deepened. Solomon could see this was not a woman writing merely to thank another for a night's lodging. When she had finished it, she folded it and secured it very carefully, and beckoned Solomon Grace.

He came to her.

"You will give this letter into her own hand, and see her read it?"

"I will; who shall I say it is from?"

"Sarah Mansell."

"Oh! Sarah Mansell. You are Sarah Mansell?"

"I am Sarah Mansell." Then she said, very thoughtfully, "This Mrs. Haynes, have you a real affection for her?"

"I am a bachelor for her sake, that is all," said he, despondently.

She fixed her eyes on him. "Perhaps some day you may be a married man for her sake."

Solomon shook his head. "Is that a conundrum?"

"Well," said she, "the future *is* a riddle. What I am doing now proves that. Who knows? You have been very kind to me. Blessings come to those who are good to the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. Well, my child is fatherless this day, and I am a deserted wife, all alone on the great sea, with nobody but my child and my God."

Poor Solomon might have told her those two were more than seventy-seven bad husbands, but she went too straight for the tender heart that lay beneath his breast.

"Don't ye now, don't ye," he snivelled; "you'll make me cry enough to wash a palace-car. You're not alone, you sha'n't be alone. Here, little beauty, come and comfort mother. Solomon Grace isn't much, but he'll stand by you till she starts, and then you must just keep your eye square for home, like the jade's figure-head there. You have got friends to home?"

"I have."

"You are loved to home?"

"I am, sir."

"Don't I tell you? They are waiting for you; they are thinking of you."

"They are. I saw them in a vision last night."

"It stands to reason; you was born to be loved."

"I thought so once, sir."

"I think so now, and I'm sure of it. You'd bewitch creation. Why, I'd cut myself in pieces to serve you. Darn me if I wouldn't take you safe to that ar island and hand you to your friends, and then slip back, if it warn't for the letter."

Leaving this good soul to comfort Sarah Mansell till the ship was cleared of strangers, I must go to meet a less interesting couple, who are coming this way.

As James took the walk merely to please Elizabeth, he went wherever she chose. They called at a provision shop and bought the things he liked. Elizabeth was handsome and well dressed, and many admiring glances were cast on her. Her companion's vanity was tickled at this. Only what rather spoiled the walk was that he longed so at that very moment to be raking the town for the other.

Presently they came out in sight of the quay, and James began to fidget again. He burned to get away from his companion to see if his agent had news of Sarah, and, besides that, he had a dread of open spaces. They facilitate surprises. Sarah might see him from a distance walking with Elizabeth. This extreme uneasiness did not escape the latter. "Why, what is the matter with you now?" said she. "You keep looking about as if you had done something, and expected the police to pounce on you from every corner."

"You wouldn't be easy if you had lost £400, and couldn't tell how."

"Yes I would, if I could do without them. They were for *me*, but I don't fret, and why waste another thought on them, my dear?"

At this moment the steamer's bell rang. "There, now," said Elizabeth, kindly, "stay and see the boat start."

"Lend me a couple of dollars," said he. She gave it him directly. "Wait a bit for me here," he said, and Elizabeth seated herself in a sort of pleasant waiting-room near the main entrance to the piers, and waited.

He darted into a shop and replenished his flask. Then he ran to find his agent, and got from him the name of the hotel Sarah Mansell had gone to. He was eager to go there at once, but dared not. Elizabeth had a temper. Doubleface was fairly puzzled between the two. However, it was only postponed for an hour. Elizabeth, with her house full of lodgers, would not be out more than that, and then he would fly on the wings of penitence to Sarah, and not leave her for the other till he had humbugged her thoroughly and eradicated all suspicion.

So he came back to Elizabeth. She was sitting there quite at ease. "Curse it," said he, "she must go home."

But now ropes were cast off, and every preparation made for the vessel leaving. This is admirably managed in New York. The largest steamboat just glides away into the Atlantic like a river boat starting upon the Thames.

"Ah," said Doubleface, tormented by the situation he had created for himself, "I wish I was going in you—alone." He stepped forward and saw her move away. She lay against the quay amidships, but she was so long that it took a minute before her after-cabin came opposite.

A woman, who had caught sight of James Mansell, but hidden herself till then, rushed out upon the poop, followed by a girl. She whipped a packet of notes out of her bosom, and brandished them high in the air to him, then drew her child's head to her waist.

That is what she did. But how can words convey the grandeur of those impassioned gestures, the swiftness of their sequence, and the tale that towering figure and those flaming eyes told to the villain and fool who had possessed her, plagued her for years, and hit upon the only way to lose her?

He started back, bewildered, blasted, terrified, and glared after her in stupid dismay.

While he stood petrified, a voice hissed in his ear, "You—know—where—your—notes—are—now!"

It was Elizabeth at his shoulder, but a little behind him. Doubleface turned slowly, aghast with this new danger. He gasped, but could not articulate.

Elizabeth laid her right hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Sarah with her left. "Why, that woman is shaking them in your face!" Then she took him by both shoulders and turned him square to her. "Your face, that is as white as ashes!" In this position she drove her eyes into his, and clutched him firmly. "What is there between that woman and you? She has taken your money, yet she is not afraid. She vaunts it, and it's you that tremble. Oh! what does this mean?"

In her excitement she had grasped him so firmly that her nails hurt him severely through his clothes, but now that clutch relaxed, and she felt weak. "What does this mean?" she repeated.

The other creature, accustomed to lie, now tried to escape, hopeless as it seemed. He stammered: "I don't know. I saw a woman shake something or other at me—was it at me?"

"Who else?"

"I fancied she looked past me somehow. Where were you?"

"Behind you at the door."

"Could it be to you?" The desperate wretch hardly knew what he was saying. To his surprise this bold suggestion told.

"Why, of course it *might* be to me."

He seized this advantage artfully. "More likely to neither of us," said he; "and yet I don't know; since I came home everything that happens is a mystery."

"That is true, and I suppose I shall never know the meaning of it all."

"I'm as much in the dark as you are," said he, "and you can believe me or not, as you like." Then he took a step or two away to show her he was disposed to quarrel with her. That answers sometimes when a body is in the wrong.

This stroke of policy left room for a third figure to step in between them, and that position was promptly taken by Solomon Grace.

"Letter from Sarah Mansell."

Doubleface turned with a yell, and made a grab at the letter. Solomon, who was holding it out with his right hand toward Elizabeth, stopped the rush with his left, and mocked the attempt. "No, yer don't," said the stalwart giant. "I'm under Mrs. Sarah Mansell's orders as this letter is not to be intercepted by any darned cuss whatever, but guv into the hands of Mrs. Haynes, and read before me to make sure."

Elizabeth stared, but hesitated to defy her husband before Solomon Grace. "But I don't know her," said she, looking at the letter in Solomon's hand.

"Yes, ye do—it's the lady that slept at your house last night."

Elizabeth uttered a little cry and panted. She almost snatched the letter now, and said, "Then she did listen at the door."

"Like enough," said James. "Then of course she'll know what to say to set us all by the ears."

"Yes, but," said Elizabeth, "she knows more than you ever told me that night. She knew where to find those notes—ay, those that hide can find. My fingers tremble; open it for me, Solomon."

He opened the letter, and handed it to Elizabeth, and dared James Mansell to interfere. Elizabeth read the letter very slowly, and piecemeal—read it how she could, indeed; for her turn was come to have her bosom pierced:

"'MADAM,—You and I—are both unfortunate. You are betrayed, and I am deceived. If I tell the truth, I must pain you; if I withhold it, he will deceive you still.'

"Oh, what is coming?" said poor Elizabeth.

"'The man that passes for Matthew Haynes'"—she stopped and looked at him, and read again—"'passes for Matthew Haynes—is James Mansell—my husband!'" (The reader held out her hand piteously to Solomon Grace; he supported her, and she held on to him, and that seemed to give her more power to read on.) "'We were married at St. Mary's Church, Glo'ster, on the 13th of July, 1873.'"

"That's a lie," said James.

"It does not read like one," was the dogged reply.

"'In 1878 he robbed me of my savings, and went to America. Last month one Varney from Liverpool told him I had money. He came for it directly, and took me with it—it was £400—sooner than not have it at all. Dear madam, I could not let my child be robbed.' There, I knew it—she took back her own. 'But James Mansell is yours if worth keeping.' Are you worth keeping? 'My door he never enters again. But if ever *you* should be as desolate as I was on your steps that bitter night, my home is yours. God help us both!

SARAH MANSELL,

"'13 Green Street, Liverpool.'"

"That is as clever a lie as ever woman told," said James Mansell.

Elizabeth replied: "It is God's truth! Sunshine is not clearer. So, then, I never had but one husband." She put both hands to her face and blushed to the throat. "You were his friend. Take me home." She clung piteously to Solomon. Then she turned to Doubleface. "In one hour my servant will give you your clothes on my door-step. My door you never enter again."

"Mind that!" said the Illinois man. "I shall be there. 'Every dog has his day!'" With the word he tucked the resolute but trembling Elizabeth tight under his arm and took her home.

Doubleface cursed them both as they retreated. Then he rushed to the water-side, and the steamboat was now all in sight, and Sarah Mansell still visible, standing over her child with her eyes raised to heaven.

Then the fool and villain raged and raved between the two superior women he had deceived and lost. Both too good for him, and at last he knew it—both in sight, yet leaving him forever, and he knew it. He raved; he cursed; he ran to the water's edge. No, he had not the courage to die. He took out his flask and went for comfort to his ruin—he drank neat brandy fiercely.

Then fire ran through his veins. He began not to care quite so much. He drank again. Aha! He was brave. He defied them. He drank both their healths in brandy. He vowed to have two more as good as either of them. He drank on till his eyes set and he rolled upon the pavement. There the police found him dead drunk, and held a short consultation over him.

"Police cell?"

"No—hospital."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH ROWING SONG.

(*À La "London Amateur Association.*")

By WILL CARLETON.

St. Gawge who fought the dwagon, Chawles, have mercy on our oars!
Those bold and wicked Hillsdale men have launded on our shores;
Those *dweadful* piwates of the shell, by love of glowy moved,
Who take their victowies by stwokes entirely unappwoved!
We must sweep from off our watahs, with a bold stwoke of the pen,
Those iron-muscled, ragged-rowing Hillsdale men!

'Tis vewy well established that Bwitannia rules the sea,
Also the lakes and rivahs—so why *caughnt* they let us be?
Why *will* these fellahs bothah us, and worry out our life,
And come here to involve us in unnecessawy stwife?
We'll sweep from out our watahs by pronunciamento, then,
Those Yankee-muscled, inconvenient Hillsdale men!

It's coming to a pwetty pauss—it weally is, indeed,
When waces are decided by the paltwy test of speed!
When birth, and social pwominence, and idleness, you know,
Are all forgotten, just because the doosed cads can row!
The winning four, I fauncy, must come from the upper ten,
Tell these unpatwician, Yankee-headed Hillsdale men!

Those—those—aw—persons in the West, who say they know this crew,
And vouch for them from early youth as being stwaight and twue,
Are well enough—aw—in their way, but, taken first and laust,
No crew should rank as amateurs who row so doosed faust!
There isn't any comfort in first-class regattas when
We're bothahed by the bold and wicked Hillsdale men.

Those othah English rowahs, Chawles, that wish to have *their* say,
And claim that they considah this is not the fairest play,
Must know that *we're* the judges of such mattahs, near and far,
And chief of all, you know, because, you know, we say we are.
So we decide decidedly to bundle home again
Those ragged-rowing inconvenient Hillsdale men.

* * * * *

They will not down—these fellahs, Chawles—the championship they claim,
And all the wuhld seems backing them, and calling us to blame;
So now they're worried out and *gone*, it's best for us to say
We'll rank them all as amateurs, pwovided they will *stay*.
(Since we can not get around it) we will meet with pleasuh, then,
Those vewy propah gentlemen, the Hillsdale men.

ALEXANDRIA, CLASSIC AND MODERN.

In the year 331 B.C. a young conqueror of twenty-five commanded the founding of a city that was to prove more lasting than all his other labors. He surveyed, the historian tells us, the land between the sea and Lake Mareotis. He looked for a moment on the isle of Pharos, and then decided that the site of the future capital should stretch from the lake to the sea. Alexander had founded his own most enduring monument. The city was planned with long and regular streets, with a fine harbor. A light-house, the famous Pharos of the East, was added later. The new town was filled with a population drawn at first and driven by force from their native villages. Alexander turned away in haste from his infant city. He went to conquer Asia and India, to found new states and kingdoms, to perish a gifted savage at Babylon. Alexandria he was never to see again. But when he was dead Ptolemy, King of Egypt, bore the body of the hero to the new city, and buried it in a coffin of gold in a magnificent tomb; and here the conquerors of later generations—Cæsar, Pompey, Augustus—came to gaze upon the spot made famous by the ashes of the great Macedonian.

Meantime Alexander's empire, that once reached from Athens to Delhi, was dissolved by his death. His savage generals murdered all his relatives and all his offspring. Olympias, his cruel mother, perished in her ambition and despair. His conquests were useless, his city only survived. He had chosen as if in a moment of inspiration the happy site where for many generations the trade of the East was to centre, where science and literature were to find a safe retreat, and whence the world was to borrow many of its ruling ideas. Every one remembers the stately city that grew up on the low shores of the Nile, its immense docks, its crowded port, its libraries (the models of those of later ages), its poets, its philosophers, its pagan temples, its Christian shrines. A flock of birds had followed Alexander as he traced the outline of his city with barley, and the priests assured him that the omen indicated that here a great multitude would gather, and here the food of millions be prepared. The omen was fulfilled. Alexandria became the seat of a great trade in wheat. For six hundred years the corn of Egypt fed the crowded population of Rome and Constantinople, and annually the fleets set sail from the well-known harbor as regularly as the corn ships from Chicago or the European steamers from New York. When in 651 the city fell before the Saracens, the world had nearly starved.

It was a narrow world, without an America, and even France and England, when the city was founded. Yet from Alexandria went forth many of the ideas from which Europe and America have profited. It taught the geometry and mathematics, geography, navigation, and discovery, that led the way to Columbus and Cabot. Kingsley has painted its fierce theological disputes, and Theocritus its pagan melodies that ravished the ears of the Sicilian wives. Athanasius and Arius met in its crowded streets. Its people were famous for their wild riots and mobs, in which thousands perished. Sometimes it was a Hypatia, sometimes the unlucky Jews, sometimes Roman magistrates and rulers, that fell in the fearful tumult, and bitterly was their wild excitement avenged. The streets of the city often ran with the blood of its people; the severe chastisement of the English squadron was surpassed by the vengeance of Cæsar or Constantius. Then, in its classic period, Alexandria held the control of the trade of the East. It imported the gems, spices, and rich tissues of India, and sent its regular fleets from the Arabian Gulf to Hindostan. The rare traffic has never ceased, and England holds in its hands the prize that once tempted the Roman and Greek to dangerous adventures, that made Alexandria, in the Middle Ages, the haunt of Venetian and Genoese, and that ceased only for three centuries before the Suez railroad and canal restored it to its ancient course. England, that in Alexander's time was a land of barbarians, now batters down his famous city to punish the riotous madness of its people, and holds firmly the traffic for which the nations of the past contended. Ancient Alexandria was built on the neck of land between the sea and the lake. At present only a waste of ruins marks its former site. The modern city is on the causeway that was formed to connect the island of Pharos with the shore. Its public square is or was beautiful; its buildings often fine. But it has never reached the importance of the ancient city. The Alexandria of Augustus or Constantine had a population of nearly a million; its streets were lined with palaces; its squares and gardens were kept green by the swift waters of the Nile; its libraries were crowded with students, and the rarest intellects of every age, pagan and Christian, lectured in its halls and adorned its grand museum. The British Museum probably best represents that of Alexandria. But the statues, pictures, manuscripts, and works of the Egyptian collection, once lost, have never been renewed.

For nine hundred years, from Ptolemy to Heraclius, Alexandria flourished, the centre of elegance and art. Nine centuries of light shone from its colleges and schools. At length, in 651, the Moslem conquest seemed to promise its complete eclipse. Its rival, Cairo, threatened the supremacy of the Greek city. Yet it still lived, the scene of an active trade. Benjamin of Tudela describes it in the twelfth century as a city of palaces and well-paved streets. The Pharos still shone over the crowded port, and the flags of all Christendom (Idumæa) were gathered under its shelter. Even the Ishmaelites of Spain, India, Abyssinia, the rabbi tells us, brought their wares to Alexandria. But the discoveries of Gama and the change of trade destroyed its new prosperity. In the last century, Pococke, who visited it, describes its deserted harbor, the ruin of the ancient city, the wretched appearance of the new. Yet once again commerce has revisited its ancient seat, and the railway and the canal of Suez have made a new and half-European Alexandria.

"The people of Alexandria," said Pococke, "have a bad character, especially the military men." Cæsar said of the soldiers of Alexandria in his time that they raised tumults, plundered, were assassins, and were seldom punished. The recent murders and outrages by the Alexandrian army preserve this bad reputation, and the roar of the English guns is not undeserved. The recent massacre of foreigners is in keeping with the long record of Alexandria's tumults and disorders. Yet it is possible that the famous city may rise again, and the name of Alexander revive in the memory of men. It is curious that the first English iron-clad that fired her guns upon Pharos was called the *Alexandra*. England is plainly resolved to hold the pathway to India: America may learn from the lesson in the East the necessity and the wisdom of controlling its own canals.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Paris correspondent, writing about bathing at the French watering-places, says that "fresh-water manners are, as a rule, more severe than salt-water manners."

The electric light is soon to flash from the top of Mount Washington. It will then be almost as high as gas.

Red caps are worn by many of the bathers at Narragansett Pier. The waves are still wearing white caps.

In an Idaho village a newspaper office and a lager-beer saloon are combined under one management. This would seem to afford recent graduates from college an opportunity to enter journalism by easy stages. Applications should be addressed to the managing editor of the beer saloon.

A Baltimore paper mutters this obscure hint: "Some clergymen are adroitly used to advertise certain of the sea-side resorts."

Several actresses are coming to this country from Europe, apparently with as much confidence of success as though they were born here, and had already had brands of fine-cut tobacco named after them.

The English government has bought twenty-five thousand pairs of blue goggles for its troops in Egypt. It is surmised that it is the intention of the English to smuggle a large force into the interior disguised as Cook's tourists. Should this plan fail, the goggles could be disposed of on Coney Island at a considerable advance over the cost, which was five cents a pair.

The young ladies at the Atlantic City hotels had a spelling bee not long ago, and according to all accounts it was the worst "spell" that resort has experienced for many years.

Land can be bought in some parts of South Australia for four and a half dollars a square mile, but by the time a stranger becomes acclimated there he has no use for a plot larger than six feet by three.

There is a dog in Georgia that weighs only fifteen ounces. Whenever he gets lost, his owner knows that he is inside of a pound.

Kansas druggists sell whiskey under the name of eye-water—red-eye water.

If all the provisions of the River and Harbor Bill are carried out, brook trout will be exceedingly shy and scarce next season.

The Chinese laundrymen of Philadelphia made up a fund with which to prosecute rowdies who annoyed them, and posted on the door of each laundry the notice: "Ten dollars will be paid for the arrest of any fellow that throws dead cats or dogs, or bricks, into this laundry." The young scamps soon learned that the fine for such an offense was three dollars, and that the costs were about a dollar more, and that an industrious team, consisting of an offender and an informer, could clear about three dollars apiece on every laundry they visited. It was not long before the notices offering the reward were taken down.

Hearing that twelve hundred quarts of milk were recently spilled into a Pennsylvania creek, a newspaper printed in the oil region suggests that the owners of the stream dam it up, and lay a pipe line to Philadelphia.

Apropos of Mrs. Langtry's remark that she is coming to the United States to make money, a candid editor writes: "If she succeeds, blamed if she won't do better than the most of us who were born right here."

A Texas drunkard, whose police-court fines are a considerable item in his running expenses, has endeavored to make arrangements with the authorities to be fined by the year and get the benefit of a discount.

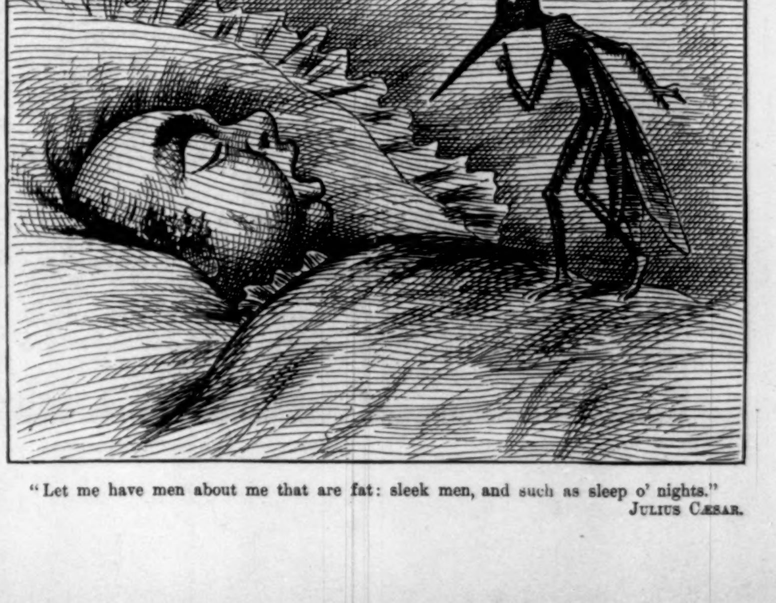
"Send Mr. Bunyan out here," was the indignant demand of a Boston reporter who was stopped at the door and told that his "professional" card was not equivalent to a complimentary ticket to a panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

A recent controversy over the postmastership at Penn Yan recalls an old explanation of how the place got its outlandish name. The story goes that two colonies, one of Pennsylvanians and one of Yankees, settled there, that each colony wanted to name the settlement after its old home, and that they finally agreed upon Penn Yan as a compromise.

It is told of a Yankee who was unable to get employment in New York that he shipped before the mast to London, palmed himself off as a Russian Jew, was sent back in a steamer, enjoyed a pleasant vacation in Battery Park, and then accepted a desirable situation which a benevolent association procured for him.

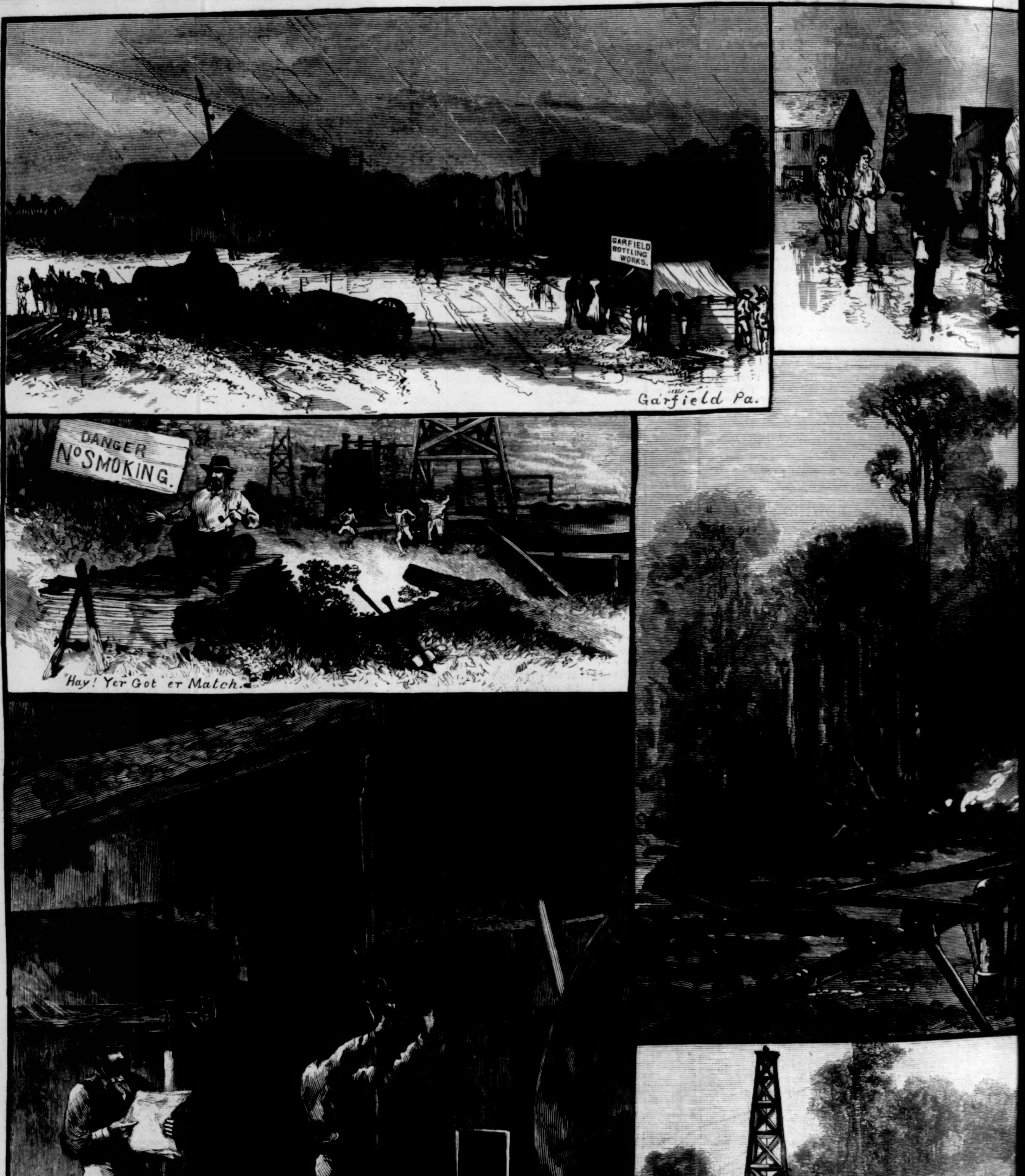
Fashionable ladies in Georgia wear belts made of the skins of rattlesnakes.

The season thus far at the watering-places has not been prolific of romances, and on that account a charming episode of which Long Beach was recently the scene is all the more keenly appreciated. A young man who is popular socially, and whose dashing business methods are admired in the Produce Exchange, went down to the sea on a Saturday evening with his lady-love, in whose charming presence he forgot that there must come a time in the evening when the last train would start for New York. Recollection of this stubborn fact came to him just after the last train had departed, and in his deep perplexity he sought advice of friends who happened to be at the hotel, and whose opinions on questions of propriety were perhaps as good as could be obtained anywhere. The plan of telegraphing for a special train, and the delays likely to attend such an expedient, were discussed, with such gloomy results that the idea was abandoned. Ladies living at the Beach extended to the troubled couple their sympathy, and offered the hospitalities of their rooms to the distressed young woman. This would have seemed to afford a happy issue out of the perplexities of the situation, but it was not agreed to. Finally, as the evening grew old, the young man decided upon heroic measures, got him a priest who happened to be recuperating at the sea-side, wedded the young woman, and going to the hotel register, cancelled the names of Mr. Louis Mills, of New York, and Miss E. L. Laty, of Brooklyn, and proudly wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mills." Congratulations then and there were followed later by merriment in the Produce Exchange, and some were wicked enough to suggest that if a young fellow with a long list of friends and a young woman of quiet tastes had deemed it desirable to escape the worry and fatigue of preparation for a wedding in town, a more delightful expedient could not have been hit upon.



"Let me have men about me that are fat: sleek men, and such as sleep o' nights."

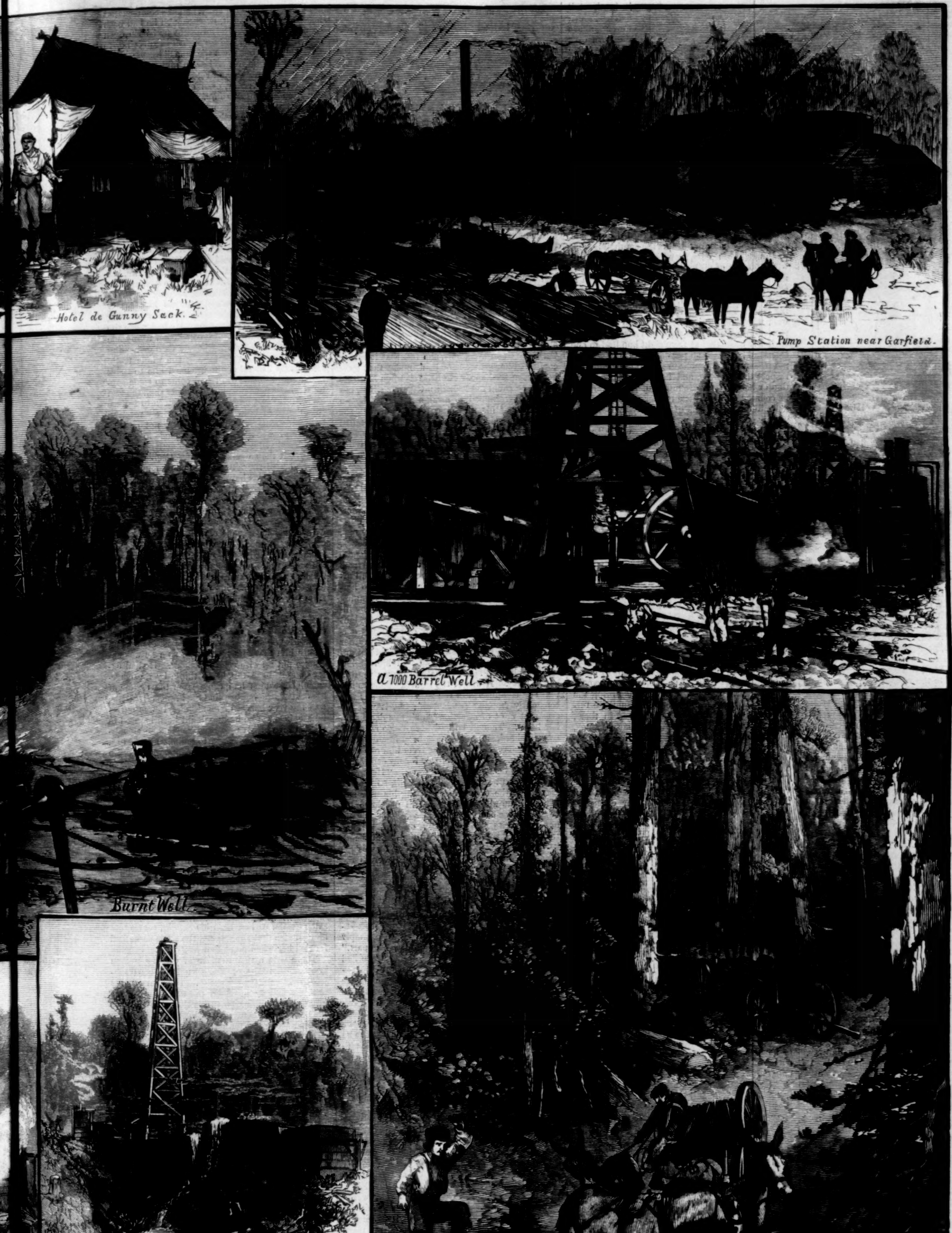
JULIUS CÆSAR.



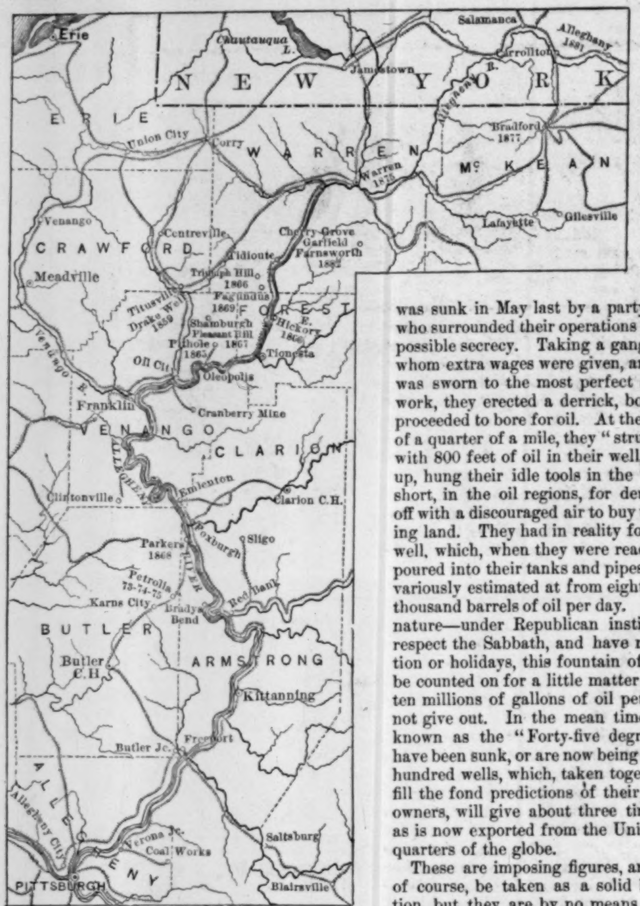
Garfield Pa.

"Hay! Yer Got 'er Match."

THE NEW OIL FIELD.—DRAWN



WN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 538.]



MAP OF THE NEW OIL FIELD.

THE NEW OIL FIELD.

In November, 1858, less than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. A. C. Ferris, who had just succeeded in perfecting a lamp which would burn petroleum oil, bought "some thousands of gallons of crude petroleum at forty-three cents a gallon" in Canada, paying in addition the freight and customs duties. In the year closing with the 30th of last June, there was exported from the United States to the various countries of the world very nearly five hundred millions of gallons of refined illuminating oil made from crude petroleum, the average price of which, as reported to the customs authorities, was a little less than ten cents a gallon. The comparison of these simple figures shows plainly enough the enormous changes which have taken place in consequence of the steadily increasing production of petroleum. A fall in the value of more than four-fifths, a marvellous development in export until oil ranks among the four great elements of our foreign trade, and an increase in the home consumption almost beyond calculation—these are the effects that have followed the first feeble attempts to utilize the product of the Pennsylvania oil-wells. But extended as this interest has become, there are serious indications that it is yet in its infancy. Within the past few years efforts of a most determined and intelligent character have been made to develop the oil fields of Russia along the shores of the Black Sea, and it is credibly reported that the capacity of these fields will ultimately exceed that of the hitherto known oil regions of the United States. But as if to render serious the jest of the American who invited the Grand Duke Alexis to note in our prairies "what nature could do under republican institutions," there has been discovered within the past three months a region in Pennsylvania of which the product promises to exceed anything yet got from that oil-soaked soil.

In Warren County, Pennsylvania, some eight or ten miles from the rude tannery village of Sheffield, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railway, there has sprung up the "town" of Garfield. It has a population very fluctuating and constantly changing, but already numbering an average of over three thousand souls, who not only assembled within a few weeks, but whose assembling made the town. The buildings consist exclusively of one or two story shanties built of hemlock boards, the "hotel" alone boasting of a clapboard siding. Our artist has shown not only the aspect of this mushroom town, but that of its surroundings, and in these lies the secret of its rapid rising. Last spring the town was not. Across the wide plateau on which it stands stretched the half-tilled fields of a few Swedish farmers, who had bought the partly cleared land of the great tannery owners, by whom it had been stripped of its hemlock bark, and in part of its trees. The average price paid by its occupants for this land was not more than \$2 50 an acre, while that paid originally by the tanners was only eighteen cents per acre, at government tax sales. To-day the "city lots" in Garfield, 100 feet deep, sell for from \$12 to \$15 per foot of frontage, and the surrounding land is sold at \$1000 an acre, with a heavy interest or royalty in its product. The Swedish farmers have gone West, with something like \$50,000 to each family, preferring this modest fortune and decent surroundings for their children to life in the society now gathering in the region, though their rough acres promise to make the present owners millionaires. The explanation of this revolution is in the tall derricks which tower above the town over the recently sunk oil-well. The first and chief of these, of which also our artist has given a sketch, is "The Mystery," more prosaically known as "646." This was sunk in May last by a party of prospectors, who surrounded their operations with the greatest possible secrecy. Taking a gang of workmen, to whom extra wages were given, and each of whom was sworn to the most perfect silence as to his work, they erected a derrick, boarded it in, and proceeded to bore for oil. At the depth, it is said, of a quarter of a mile, they "struck it," and then, with 800 feet of oil in their well, they plugged it up, hung their idle tools in the "rig"—which is short, in the oil regions, for derrick—and went off with a discouraged air to buy up the surrounding land. They had in reality found a "flowing" well, which, when they were ready to let it work, poured into their tanks and pipes a steady stream variously estimated at from eight hundred to one thousand barrels of oil per day. As the forces of nature—under Republican institutions—do not respect the Sabbath, and have no need of vacation or holidays, this fountain of petroleum may be counted on for a little matter of from eight to ten millions of gallons of oil per year if it does not give out. In the mean time, along what is known as the "Forty-five degrees line," there have been sunk, or are now being sunk, fully three hundred wells, which, taken together, if they fulfill the fond predictions of their originators and owners, will give about three times as much oil as is now exported from the United States to all quarters of the globe.

These are imposing figures, and they can not, of course, be taken as a solid basis of calculation, but they are by no means fanciful. They are open to many contingencies. The wells cannot be counted on to continue their present rate of production. They may not all prove equally rich. The quality of the product may deteriorate. The flow may be interrupted by an excess of gas. The source of the supply may be wholly exhausted in a few years or a few months. But while these are among the possibilities, the actual facts are the wonderful yield of the "Mystery" well, the equal productiveness of nearly all the wells in its immediate vicinity, and with these facts there are the possibilities on the other side that the region may furnish many more wells of equal value. The first effect of such startling discoveries is necessarily unsettling. If they bring the hope, and almost the certainty, of immense fortunes to those immediately interested in them, they work great loss to others, whose money, time, and labor have been invested in like enterprises. The fall in the price of crude petroleum at the wells since the discovery of the "Cherry Grove" oil fields—as these are called—has been over thirty-seven per cent., and this is unquestionably due to the effect of the prospect of an indefinite increase in the supply, far exceeding the regular demand. That is to say, that of every eight dollars' worth of oil owned or in process of production in May last, three dollars in value has disappeared, and this affects not only the stock on hand, but the immense investments in the "plant" of pumping wells, which can not be worked at a profit at the reduced price, and which become, therefore, not only less valuable, but entirely worthless. Already it is reported that many hundred of these enterprises have suspended operations for the time being, or have been wholly abandoned.

In despite of the extraordinary extent of the oil production, and the constantly growing demand for it from all quarters of the civilized and even from some of the semi-civilized portions of the world, the oil business has been marked from the first by many of the characteristics of gambling. Most of our readers remember the "craze" which spread through the land in the last half of the decade of the civil war, and not a few of them probably have mementos of it in the shape of handsomely engraved certificates of stock in enterprises that promised rapid fortunes, and only too often brought rapid ruin. This speculative fever was marked by all the greed and credulity on one side, and all the deceit and trickery on the other, which have characterized like outbreaks since the time of John Law. But even after it had subsided, and all the oil property worth anything had passed at "hard-pan" valuation into the hands of capitalists and managers of sound methods, the oil business continued to be peculiarly risky. The fluctuations in price, from one cause and another, have been sudden and great, and many fortunes have been lost and won in it. This latest discovery is but in the line of the half-romantic history of the trade.

But in the long-run even these gigantic changes will be equalized. The adventurous Americans who flock to such enterprises as offer themselves at Garfield are hardy, courageous, patient, and full of resource. They are almost equally prepared for failure and success. They take great risks in hope of great gains, and struggle to their feet after any reverse with indomitable energy and perseverance. Their methods are often not such as men in regular affairs could sanction or afford to adopt. But these are the skirmishers of the advance of commerce, and their ranks, forever recruited, though constantly thinned, perform for the regular forces much indispensable service. After them will come necessarily the more disciplined body, and from their united labors the country must gain greatly.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MAN'S PRIDE.

About a week after Lady Grant had gone, Mrs. Western received a letter from her husband. She had expected that he would write, and had daily looked for the letter. But when it did come, she did not know whether to take it as a joy or a source of additional discomfort. There was in it hardly a word of declared affection. Nothing was said as to his future life or hers; but he did write, as she thought, in a familiar and loving strain as to the event which had yet to be expected for many months. "My sister has told me your news," he said, "and I can not but let you know how anxious I shall be both for your safety and for that of the stranger. If there be anything that I can do for your comfort, if you will ask me, you may be sure that it will be done. I am still at Dresden, and have no idea of immediately returning to England." There was no commencement to this, nor any ending. He did not even sign his name, nor call her his wife, or his dear Cecilia. Upon the whole, she felt that it rather confirmed her sentence of banishment than gave her reason for hope. He had felt when he wrote it that he could not remain altogether silent, but had yet determined to awaken no hopes by an assurance of his returning love. "In fact, the letter," she said to her mother, "must be taken as meaning nothing. He did not choose to subject himself to the charge of having been indifferent to the coming of such an event. But beyond this he had had nothing to say to her." Poor Mrs. Holt remained altogether silent when her daughter discussed the subject. She knew that she could not speak without loud abuse, and she knew also that her daughter would not allow her to abuse him.

Cecilia, without asking the advice of any one, resolved that she would not answer the letter. She could not write without using affectionate language, and such words should never come from her till she had first been addressed with full affection by him. "Never," she had said to herself a score of times—"never." The meaning of this had been that having been so cruelly illused, she would do and say nothing that might be taken as evidence that she had thought herself in the wrong. She would bear it all rather than give him to understand that she did not appreciate his cruelty. She had told him of her love, and he had not vouchsafed to say a word to her in reply. It was of the injustice done to her that she complained in the words which she was constantly framing for herself; but it was the apparent want of affection which was deepest in her heart. Though he had been twice as cruel, twice as hard, she would have been less unhappy had she succeeded in drawing from him one word of affection. "What can he do for my comfort?" she said to herself again and again. "He means that if I want money I shall have it, so that he may avoid the disgrace of leaving his wife and his child unprovided for. I will not have his money unless he also come himself." She would not even write to Lady Grant, or let her know that she had received a letter from her husband. "Oh yes, I have heard from him. There is his letter;" and she flung the document across the table to her mother. Having done so, she at once left the room, so that there should be no discussion on the matter. "That there should be not a word of love in it—not a single word!" she went on saying to herself. "How hard must be a man's heart, and how changeable! He certainly did love me, and now it has all gone, simply through an unworthy suspicion on his own part."

But here she showed how little able she had been as yet to read the riddle of a man's heart—how ignorant she had been of the difficulty under which a man may labor to express his own feeling. That which we call reticence is more frequently an inability than an unwillingness to express itself. The man is silent, not because he would not have the words spoken, but because he does not know the fitting words with which to speak. His dignity and his so-called manliness are always near to him, and are guarded so that he should not melt into open ruth. So it was with Mr. Western. Living there all alone at Dresden, seeing no society, passing much of his time in a vain attempt to satisfy himself with music and with pictures, he spent all his hours in thinking how necessary his wife had made herself to his comfort during the few months that they were married. He had already taught himself to endeavor to make excuses for her, though in doing so he always fell back at last on the enormity of her offense. Though he loved her, though he might probably pardon her in his weakness, it was impossible that the sin should be washed out. His anger still burned very hotly, because he could not quite understand the manner in which the sin had been committed. There was a secret, and he did not know the nature of the secret. There had been an understanding, of which he did not even yet know the nature, between his wife and that base baronet. And then the terrible truth of his memory added to his wounds. He thought of all the words that had been spoken, and which he felt ought to have given her an opportunity of telling the truth, and would have done so had she not purposely kept the secret. He had playfully asked her how it had been that she had loved no other man, and then she had remained silent in a manner which he now declared to himself to be equal to a falsehood. And when he had been perfectly free with his own story, she had still kept back hers. She had had her story, and had resolved that he should not know it, even though he had been so open with his. He no doubt had been open at a time when he had no right to expect her to be equally so; but when the time did come, then, then she had been a traitor to him. When accepting his caresses, and returning them with all a young wife's ardor, even at that moment she had been a traitor to him. Though in his arms she had thought—she must have continued to think—of some unholy compact which existed between her and Sir Francis Geraldine. And even now she had not told him the nature of that compact. Even now she might be corresponding with Sir Francis, or seeing him, for aught that he knew to the contrary. How was it possible that he should pardon a wife who had sinned against him as she had sinned?

And yet he was so far aware of his own weakness as to admit to himself that he would have taken her back to him if she had answered his last letter in a contrite spirit and with affectionate words. He would have endeavored to forget, if not to forgive, and would have allowed himself to fall into the loving intimacy of domestic life, but that she was cold and indifferent as well as treacherous. So he told himself, keeping his wrath hot, though at the same time his love nearly mastered him. But in truth he knew nothing of things as they really were. He had made the mistake of drawing a false conclusion from some words written by Sir Francis, and then of looking upon that word as containing the whole truth. Sir Francis had no doubt intended him to think that he and Cecilia Holt had come to some rupture in their engagement from other than the real cause. He had intended Mr. Western to believe that they had both agreed, had merely resolved between them, that they had better not be husband and wife. He had intended to convey the idea that he had been more active in so arranging it than Cecilia herself. Cecilia, though she had read the letter, had done so in such a frame of mind as hardly to catch the truth. But he, Mr. Western, had caught it altogether, and had believed it. Though he knew that the man was a dishonest liar, yet he had believed the letter. He was tortured at the thought that his wife should have made herself a party to such a compact, and that the compact should still have remained in existence without his knowledge. Although there were hours during which he was most anxious to return to her, in which he told himself that it was more difficult to stay away from her than even to endure her faithlessness—though from day to day he became convinced that he could never return to the haunts of men, or even to the easy endurance of life, without her—yet his trials would ever come back to him, and assure him that as a reasonable man he was unable to put up with such treachery. He had unfortunately been taught to think, by the correspondence which had come from the matter of his cousin's racing bet, that Sir Francis Geraldine was the very basest of mankind. It was unfortunate, because he had no doubt been induced to think worse of his wife because she had submitted herself and continued to submit herself to a man who was in his eyes so contemptible. He could not endure the idea that a woman for whom such a partnership had had charms should be the chosen companion of all his hours. He had already lived with her for weeks, which should have been enough to teach him her character. During those weeks he had been satisfied to the very full. He had assured himself frequently that he had at last met a woman that suited him, and made her his own. Had he known nothing of Sir Francis Geraldine, he would have been thoroughly contented. Then had come the blow, and all his joys were "sicklied over" with the unhealthy tone which his image of her former lover gave him. She became at once to him a different creature. Though he told himself that she was still the same Cecilia as had been his delight, yet he told himself also that she was not the same as he had fancied her when he at first knew her.

There is in a man a pride of which a woman knows nothing. Or rather a woman is often subject to pride the very opposite. The man delights to think that he has been the first to reach the woman's heart, the woman is rejoiced to feel that she owns permanently that which has been often reached before. The man may know that in his own case it is not so with him. But as there has been no concealment, or perhaps only a little to conceal, he takes it as it comes, and makes the best of it. His Mary may have liked some other one, but it has not gone farther. Or if she has been engaged as a bride, there has been no secret about it. Or it has been a thing long ago, so that there has been time for new ideas to form themselves. The husband, when he does come, knows at any rate that he has no ground of complaint, and is not kept specially in the dark when he takes his wife. But Mr. Western had been kept specially in the dark, and was of all men the least able to endure such treatment. To have been kept in the dark as to the man with whom the girl was engaged, as he thought, at the very moment in which she had accepted him! To have been made use of as a step, on which a disadvantageous marriage might be avoided without detriment to her own interest! It was this feeling which made him utterly prostrate—which told him that death would be the one desirable way out of his difficulties, if death were within his reach.

When he received the letter from his sister telling him that he might probably become the father of a child, he was at the first prepared to say that thus would they two be reconciled. He could hardly live apart, not only from the mother of his child, but from the child itself. He went away into solitude and wept hot tears as he thought of it all. But ever as he thought of it the cause of his anger came back to him and made him declare to himself that in the indulgence of no feeling of personal tenderness ought he to disgrace himself. At any rate it could not be till

she should have told him the whole truth—till she should have so told her story as to enable him to ascertain whether that story were in all respects true. At present, as he said to himself, he was altogether in the dark. But in fact had he now learned the very story as it had existed, and had Cecilia told it as far as she was able to tell it at all, she would even in his estimation have been completely whitewashed. In her perfect absolution from the terrible sin of which he now accused her he would have forgiven and forgotten altogether the small, the trifling fault which she had in truth committed.

There was something of nobility in all these feelings, but then that something was alloyed by much that was ignoble. He had resolved that were she to come back to him, she must come acknowledging the depth of her sin. He would endeavor to forgive, though he could not forget; but he never thought to himself in these hours that it would be well for him to be gracious in his manner of forgiveness. To go to her and fetch her home to him, and say to her that all that was past should be as a dream, a sad and ugly dream, but one to which no reality was attached, never occurred to him.

With Cecilia the matter was regarded with very different eyes. To her, too, it was apparent that she had been treated with extremest cruelty. She, too, was very hot in her anger. In discussing the matter with herself she allowed herself thoughts in which indignation against her husband was maintained at a boiling heat. But nevertheless she had quite resolved to forgive him altogether if he would once come to her. And to insure her forgiveness no word even of apology should be necessary. She knew that she would have to deal with a man to whom the speaking of such words would be painful, and none should be expected, none asked for. If he would but show her that he still loved her, that should suffice. The world around them would of course know that she had been sent away from him, and then taken back. There was in this much that was painful—a feeling full of dismay as she reflected that all her friends, that her acquaintance, that the very servants, should know that she had been so disgraced. But of all that she would take no notice—no notice as far as the outside world was concerned. Let them think, let them talk, as they would, she would then have her one great treasure with which to console herself, and that treasure, if once more her own, would suffice for her happiness. In her hottest anger she told herself from time to time that her anger would all depart from her, that it would be made to vanish from her as by a magician's wand, if she could only once more be allowed to feel his arm round her waist.

In all this she had no friend with whom to discuss either her anger or her hopes. Her mother she knew shared her anger to the full, but entertained hopes altogether different. Her desires were so different that they hardly amounted to hopes. Yes, he might be allowed to return, but with words of absolute contrition, with words which should always be remembered against him. Such would have been Mrs. Holt's expression as to the state of things had she ventured to express herself. But she understood enough of her daughter's feelings to repress them.

The only person who sympathized with Cecilia and her present condition was the girl who had once before evoked from her so strong a feeling of tenderness. She did know that the man had to be forgiven, terrible as had been his sin, and that nothing more was to be said about it. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "he'll come back now. I'm sure he'll come back now, and never more have any of them silly vagaries."

"Who can say what vagaries a man may choose to indulge?"

"That's true too, ma'am. That any man should have had such a vagary as this! But he's dying to come back. I'm sure of it. And when he does come and finds that he's had to come quiet, and that he's asked to say nothing as he don't like, and that you are all smiles to him and kindness—and then with the baby coming and all—my belief is that he'll be happier then than he was even the first day when he had you." This, though spoken in rough language, so exactly expressed Cecilia's wishes, that she did feel that her maid at least entirely sympathized with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SHORN LAMB.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

"Life as life suffices youth for joy;
Young plants win sunbeams, shift them as we may."

So sings a quaint old Milesian poem, and so it seems to be all over the world. No path is too stony for young feet to dance over, no writing of fate so menacing as to affright daring, dauntless youth. It is delightful that it should be so; for in this melancholy old world nothing is so foolish as to suffer by anticipation, and nothing more to be desired than the capacity to shed sorrow as a duck's breast the water drops.

There was never a merrier set than the young people of Guntown. Guntown was a stout little rebel village in Missouri, that, being unhappily situated on the dividing line between two armies, suffered almost equally from friend and foe. The State was the theatre of desperate fighting, and around Guntown a constant guerrilla warfare went on, more exasperating to the nerves than a weekly Manassas or Gettysburg battle. The wildest and most conflicting rumors flew about the country like frightened bees, and people were alternately soothed or frightened, disappointed or deceived, until their minds were in a maze.

"Some of us made a point of believing all we heard," said a lively matron, in recalling those days of terror, "and others nothing. Either way, we were kept on tenter-hooks or the anxious bench; yet I would not mind living it over again."

In fact, the folks of Guntown kept up their spirits wonderfully through all the changes and chances of war at their very door-steps, and the young people seemed fairly to bloom out in the atmosphere of constant excitement like flowers in the sunshine. Not a pretty girl among them but dreamed of a lover

"Riding on a steed of steeds,"

or prayed with passion for the chance of becoming a heroine through some splendid or valorous deed. It was a chance vouchsafed to but few. Kitty Karson, indeed, saved her father's carriage-horses from capture by a spirited defense of the stable door; and Ida Coxe almost intrapped a Union officer by singing the praises of ripe figs until he was tempted to accept her invitation to accompany her into the garden, and have the pleasure of eating them fresh from the bushes. Here some Confederate scouts lay in ambush, who were only cheated of their prisoner by the melancholy fact that Ida was not so pretty as she was patriotic, and the officer, on the whole, preferred his figs comfortably in the parlor, out of a glass dish, with sugar and cream.

But it was reserved for Becky Herndon to become the glory of the maids of Guntown. She leaped into fame at a bound; though, "after all," say the envious ones, "any of us would have done the same thing." Becky herself declares it a trifle not worth talking about; but a hundred years hence the tale will rank as a classic in the proud little village. Doubtless Becky's grandchildren will plume themselves on it immensely, and will many a time tell it to *their* grandchildren with so many embellishments and adornments that it will resemble the original not more than a water-melon vine does its seed. Here it is, however, in its bare, beautiful truth, just as it came about.

The year was the third of the war; the month, August; the hour, that of noon. Guntown was looking very forlorn; to an imaginative mind it might have suggested a sheared sheep or a plucked goose. Something of homely pathos, however, there was in the picture, owing to the heaps of ruins here and there, over which wild flowers struggled to grow, and the tall red chimneys standing like guards over piles that had once been homes. No roll of wagons or ring of horses' hoofs broke the stillness of the long white streets. A hungry-looking cow was cropping at the weeds in the neglected grave-yard; a dog with obtrusive ribs was asleep—or dead—in the deserted market-place. In front of a rough wooden shed, around which an odor of bad whiskey hung, sat a one-legged man in a cane-bottomed chair tilted against the wall. His crutches had fallen, his face was shaded by a red bandana handkerchief, and the flies crawled over his bald head undaunted by his sonorous snore.

But there was never any telling what an hour might bring forth in Guntown. At four o'clock a cloud of dust arose beyond Little Muddy Bridge. A moment more, and the solitary foot, shading his eyes with his hand, saw in the sunny distance a dozen gray-jacketed figures. Then he dropped to his seat with a shrill "hurrah," for he had lost his leg in Stonewall Jackson's command, and the sight of a "Johnny Reb" warmed the very cockles of his heart. On they came, never slackening their gallop until they drew rein in the square, and the captain leaped to the ground with a cheery salute. As if by magic the quiet streets became alive. People hurried from their homes to shake hands with their dear defenders, and ask eager questions as to the latest news; old "aunties" appeared with spiced gingerbread and hot corn-dodgers for sale; even the children took their share in the excitement, and gladdened those poor war-worn fellows by their fearless kisses and innocent laughter.

Three of the Guntown volunteers were at home on a brief leave of absence—Ned Manning and Philip Powell, both boys in their teens from the Virginia army, and Colonel Masterton, Guntown's "leading citizen," who had only left active service long enough for some serious wounds to heal. In the captain of the scouting party Colonel Masterton recognized an old friend.

"Why, Belden," he cried, "you must have dropped from the skies! I thought you were in quite another part of the State."

Captain Belden, who was a tall man with long dark whiskers, and as quiet a manner as if he had never smelled powder, smiled with a lurking air of triumph. "You know Greenbrier?" he asked.

"Of course. A little town about forty miles above—held by the enemy, I understand."

"It was yesterday," said Captain Belden, "and is now, for aught I know. But we held possession for two hours this morning. It had been made a dépôt of commissary stores, and a very insufficient force left to guard them—scarcely more than a regiment. I dashed into the town this morning before sun-up with a dozen picked men, fired the stores, and captured more prisoners than we knew what to do with."

"Didn't they fight? Who was in command?"

"Ferrell—a very gallant fellow. But he stood no chance at all. He was in bed, and asleep; was wakened by a demand for his sword. It was a rare chance."

"It was a glorious deed," cried Colonel Masterton, warmly. "It will live in history."

"Success justifies everything," laughed the captain; "but really it was a fool-hardy performance. My men are in prime condition, however—ready for just such another."

"You will rest in Guntown a few days?"

"Yes, waiting orders from our commanding officer."

"You must all come to my house to-night," said the colonel, "for supper, and a dance afterward, if you are not too tired."

"Never too tired for that, colonel."

Mrs. Masterton was too much accustomed to her husband's impulsive hospitality to be daunted by his announcement of unexpected guests, but hastened to send one small son after old Uncle Simon, the black fiddler, who played at all the Guntown balls, and another to invite the young folks to come to a dance.

"There ain't much to eat," she said, cheerfully; "but if anybody has to do without, it sha'n't be one of those blessed soldiers. If I could only give them one of my old-time suppers!"

"What difference does it make about supper?" cried Lucy Masterton, with the fine scorn of youth. "It is the dancing and the fun they will care about, not vulgar eating."

"Much you know about soldiers!" laughed her father. "I can assure you, my girl, that these are no carpet knights, but honest, hard-fighting, hungry boys. And the prettiest dancer in Guntown won't look half so pretty to them as a well-filled supper table."

"Colonel, I should like to have the silver," said Mrs. Masterton, eagerly.

"Do you think it advisable, dear?" said the colonel, in a doubtful tone; for the silver was hidden in an old cistern, and it was difficult to get at. "What do these scouts on the wing care for the fripperies of life?"

"Captain Belden is a very elegant man. He will appreciate getting back to civilized life once more. Then, as I have not much in the way of food to put on the table, it is as well to feast the eyes of our guests at least."

"Well, well, have it your own way, my dear. I don't suppose the family plate will come to grief in one night's airing. Nathan and I will get it at once."

The colonel went out at one door as a bright-faced girl peeped in at another. This was Miss Becky Herndon, Lucy Masterton's most intimate friend, and the heroine whose noble deed— But let me not anticipate.

"I know you will welcome me, dear Mrs. Masterton," she cried, gayly, "for I have brought you—guess what."

"Something for my supper, I am sure. There never was such a good neighbor as your mother."

"Well, she thought it probable your cupboard was in the condition of Mother Hubbard's, so here are six chickens ready for broiling."

"Just what I needed. I had not one left. And no meat in the house except some ham for sandwiches."

"Was it not delightful to see those beloved gray uniforms!" cried Miss Becky. "Welcome as the sight of skies and stars to prisoned men. I could think of nothing else as they came dashing over the bridge—could you, Lucy?"

"I thought I should like to kiss every one of them," said Lucy, soberly.

"Now, Mrs. Masterton, you must let me help you about the supper. Do you know that I myself caught and killed and picked these chickens?"

"You poor child! couldn't Aunt 'Nervy have spared you that?"

"Oh, she has had a 'misery in her bones' for more than a week, and I have had to wait on her in addition to everything else. But she is a great comfort, and has taught me all sorts of useful things. You know mamma is as helpless as a child in practical matters, but as for me,

"'I'm in baking, pudding-making,
Roasting, boiling, stewing, broiling,
Sweets abounding, cakes compounding,
Rated as a first-rate hand!'"

"I shall put you to the test, my dear. Come, girls! There is more than enough to do."

"To the kitchen!" said Lucy. "Right about! Forward! *March!*"

At nine o'clock Colonel Masterton's house looked very brilliant. Lights were twinkling from every window—only tallow candles, to be sure, that Aunt 'Nervy had moulded, but interspersed with an occasional wax one that hinted of former grandeur. The young people were all assembled, and were in high feather. Uncle Simon sat enthroned in the long hall playing such inspiring strains as "Money-Musk," "O Susanna," "Yaller Rose of Texas," and "Billy in the Low Grounds," while over the well-waxed floor boots and slippers trod the measure of the dance as gayly as though war were a horrid dream from which all had just awaked to the lively and joyous reality of life. Captain Belden was of course the hero of the hour, and he seemed quite disposed to make Miss Becky Herndon the belle. She was indeed as pretty a little rebel as ever wiled a man's heart away. Dressed in a home-spun frock woven by her own hands, and dyed, through the grace of Aunt 'Nervy and the dog-wood blooms, to a festal scarlet, with bare white arms, and a great yellow frill of her grandmother's lace, she was a very witch of piquant beauty. And then her dancing was an enchanting sight. Every motion seemed to send a thrill of fresh life through her veins. There was something electric in the ease and lightness, the springing grace, of her step.

"Ah, Miss Herndon," cried Captain Belden, as he led her to a seat after a spirited quadrille, "this dance with you will linger in memory like a thing of beauty, truly a joy forever. Such occasions," he went on, with a lofty and melancholy air, "are the alleviations of a soldier's lot. And we enjoy them the more that they come like rare oases in the desert of our daily life. Last night we were encamped in a solitary grove, with a starless, clouded sky above us, and no sound broke the silence save the whip-poor-will's sad distant call; to-night, music and twinkling lights and the smiles of beauty make earth seem a little heaven; and to-morrow—ah! who can divine the to-morrow?"

"If this is a pleasure to you," cried Becky, thinking the captain fearfully sentimental, but a very fine gentleman, "what do you think it must be to us—to us who have to stay at home and do nothing, while our nearest and dearest are risking their lives on distant battle-fields? Imagine what it is to feel that we in our turn can give the smallest degree of aid and comfort to our protectors and defenders!"

"Your voice trembles, Miss Herndon," murmured the captain; "yet you have no brothers old enough to be in the army. Is there not

'a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one,'

on one of those distant battle-fields?"

"No, indeed," said the girl, blushing. "I have only a few unimportant cousins in the war. But you know they are all dear."

"All equally dear?" said the captain, with a glance.

"Of course," laughed the little flirt; "except that there *is* a soft spot in my heart for Belden's Scouts."

"Leave off the last word. Say for Belden. A poor lone fellow needs a sweet saint to offer a prayer for him."

"You are prayed for in church every Sunday," said Becky, demurely.

"Oh yes, in a lump with the others, as they pray for the President of the United States and all others in authority. There's no satisfaction in that."

"Miss Herndon, I believe this is our set," said a stern voice, and there stood Ned Manning holding out his hand to the young lady, and glancing at Captain Belden with a smothered ferocity that the gallant officer seemed to find very entertaining.

Becky flushed rather guiltily as she took her place with Ned. She could not deny that she had devoted a large part of the evening to flirting with Captain Belden, and there was—well, a sort of understanding between Ned and herself.

They had been playmates when in pinafores; and though a brave lad, Ned had easily reconciled himself to the painful wound that had kept him at home for a month past, and had won him so much sympathy from his prickly little sweetheart. Her conscience smote her now as she stole a look at his set face. If he had been content to look sad and not so prodigiously mad, she would have melted at once; but she resented his wrath. She was not going to be ruled by Ned Manning. Captain Belden was a man and an officer; Ned only a boy and a "high private." And she meant that he should ask her forgiveness. Ned, however, had no such intention. He walked through the set like a wooden machine, and when it was ended proposed in a very unloverlike tone a stroll on the moon-lighted veranda.

They walked for a while in silence; finally Ned blurted out:

"Becky, may I give you a word of warning?"

"Certainly," said Miss Herndon, on the defensive at once.

"It is with regard to Captain Belden. I think it my duty to tell you that among men he has not the best reputation."

"You had better mention that fact to Colonel Masterton. Doubtless he will be pleased to hear something new of his guest and friend."

"I mean simply," cried the poor boy, "that he is a man of gallantries. He makes love to every pretty face. He is a gentleman, of course, and a good soldier, but the last man for a girl to pin her faith to."

"And what is all this to me, Ned Manning? You are horribly impertinent."

"I am sorry that it seems so to you. I see my words are no good, so I shall bid you good-night, Becky."

"And not stay to supper?" cried Becky, who, dear, practical little soul, had prepared some dainty dishes for the especial benefit of this irascible young man.

"No, I want no supper, and I am in no mood to enjoy anything."

"Very well, cross-patch," cried Becky, with great lack of dignity, "have your own way;" and withdrawing her hand from his arm, she slipped through a side door, and was soon dancing again, naturally with Captain Belden.

Ned, however, was more than half mollified by her dismay at his proposal to leave, and when he sought Mrs. Masterton to bid her good-night, he was in a very yielding frame of mind.

"Now don't go, Ned," urged the good lady; "I particularly want you to stay."

"I should like to," said Ned, readily, "but indeed I can hardly hold up my head. The dancing was too much for me. You know, Mrs. Masterton, I am far from being a well man yet."

"Poor boy! You do look ghostly. Well, do this: come to my room and lie down. A nap will rest and refresh you, and you can join us when you wake."

Ned, pining for a few more words with Becky, was easily persuaded; and Mrs. Masterton, after making him comfortable on a deliciously soft lounge, returned to her guests. When supper was announced she ran in to have a peep at him; but he was sleeping so soundly that she would not disturb him, though she did "wish the dear boy could see how well the table looked." It did indeed make quite a brave show, with its sparkling glass and silver and lovely decorations of flowers. The coffee, to be sure, was made of roasted sweet-potatoes, but smoked and foamed as arrogantly as if it had been the finest Mocha; and Captain Belden, as he caught a whiff of it, cried, "What a delicious smell!" Miss Herndon thought he was alluding to the violets in her hair, but Hunger had claimed the noble captain for her own. Great dishes of some foam-like substance were placed along the table, giving it such a festive and elegant air that every one of those men wished he had on a swallow-tail coat and lavender kids; but it was only "Confederate syllabub" that the dishes held—made of the heart of rosy apples beaten to a snowy froth with white of eggs and sugar. Then there were hot waffles, and fried chickens, and yellow peaches, and luscious figs. Jove himself needn't have scorned such a feast; and "Belden's Scouts" went at it as though it were an enemy to be demolished.

The fun was at its height, when there occurred a strange interruption. Aunt 'Nervy Herndon rushed in—Aunt 'Nervy, the old black woman, who had been for weeks chained to her bed with rheumatism. Her face was ashy; her eyes great white balls with centres of fiery black. Before any one could speak she threw up her arms and gasped out, "Run! run! de enemy is a-comin'!"

"How do you know?" cried Colonel Masterton, springing from his chair.

"My boy Seth brung de news. You know he run off las' year wid de jayhawkers—de same crowd dat is comin' now. Dey stopped jes outside o' town, waitin' fur day ter break. Seth he heerd 'em tellin' how dey wus gwine ter capture a lot of rebs dat was off deir guard in Guntown. An' he says he jes got ter thinkin' o' de boys he uster play wid, an' he couldn't stan' it nohow. So he slipped off, an' got here by a short-cut. He gin clean out by de time he reached me, fur he run all de way, an' dar wuz nobody but me ter come an' gin you de warnin' cry."

Almost before Aunt 'Nervy had got through her story the soldiers had begun their preparations for flight. Hasty buckling on of the armor they had laid aside, hurried good-byes, a touch of the spur to their tired horses, and they were gone. The girls scattered to their homes, Becky Herndon only staying behind to help Lucy and Mrs. Masterton hide the silver, clear away the remains of the supper, and restore the house to its every-day appearance. They worked rapidly, but the early morn was breaking when at last they sat down, a quiet, frightened group, to await further developments.

"I asked Captain Belden to stop and give Ned the warning cry," said Becky, with a nervous little laugh. "He has a splendid horse, and will find no trouble in keeping up with the scouts."

Mrs. Masterton sprang up as if she had been shot.

"Ned!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, I had forgotten him!"

"What, is he not at home?"

"No, no! I persuaded him to lie down in my bedroom, and in the hurry and excitement I forgot all about him. What have I done?"

They rushed to the chamber, and there lay the poor fellow, still sleeping peacefully.

"*Ned!*" cried Becky, in a penetrating voice.

He started up, looking strangely pale in the gray morning light, and utterly bewildered at the terror-stricken faces.

A few words explained all.

"Perhaps it is not too late," he cried, seizing his pistols and flinging open the door.

He ran against Uncle Simon, who had been listening at the gate with his ear to the ground that he might catch the first sound.

"Dey's comin', dey's comin'," he shrieked. "I heerd de horses' huffs a-clatterin' on de bridge."

The little party hurried to the deserted draw-

"MISS HERNDON, I BELIEVE THIS IS OUR SET."

ing-room, and stood staring in each others' faces for one blank awful moment of silence.

"He must be saved," cried Becky, the tears streaming down her face. "It will kill him to be sent to prison now that he is so weak, and his wound not yet healed."

Suddenly little Lucy's face lighted. "Mother, let us dress him as a woman."

"The child has been reading romances," said Mrs. Masterton, smiling sadly. "It would be impossible."

"Maybe not," said Becky, eagerly. "Let us try it. It is our only chance. Ned is so pale and delicate now it will be easy to make a woman of him."

"I won't do it," said Ned, hotly, laying his hand on his sword. "Let me die like a soldier."

"Nonsense, Ned Manning"—and Becky dried her tears—"you *shall* try it. What if it is just one chance in a hundred? That is better than *none*, to my way of thinking."

"Run, Lucy, run," commanded Mrs. Masterton. "Fetch my best black silk." And Lucy obeyed, with a little giggle she could not suppress.

The dress was soon adjusted, but the result was not happy.

"He's more like a boy than ever," said Lucy, in dismay. "See how his lip curls, and his eyes flash! And then that short hair!"

The short hair was the great trouble. It threw the boyish features into bold prominence, and the effort at disguise was patent.

"Give it up," said Ned, in disgust. "Take off this toggery."

"Stop!" cried Becky; "I know what to do."

She snatched a pair of large scissors from the mantel, and before any one realized what she was about to do, she had given a few quick snips, and her bright brown hair—her beauty, her pride, and her glory—had fallen in a shining heap to the floor.

"Rebecca Herndon, what *have* you done!"

"I think I may do *that* much for my country—and Ned," said Becky, catching a sobbing breath between her words—for she was a vain little puss, and dearly had she loved that curly mane.

Mrs. Masterton took the hair, and in a few moments, by some inexplicable feminine magic, she had crowned Ned with a coronal of bright braids, under which his face was that of a stately young beauty.

"They won't take me for a soldier boy," said Becky, smiling through her tears, "if my hair *is* cropped."

"No," said Ned, looking reverently at the lovely flushed face; "for you look like nothing but what you are—the noblest and sweetest little girl God ever made."

Ten minutes later the soldiers came. They searched

"Upstairs and down-stairs,
And in my lady's chamber,"

but they captured nothing except Colonel Masterton's cavalry boots, and what was left of the ham sandwiches. The next day at noon they galloped out of town, and Ned was released from what he was pleased to term the durance vile of a woman's dress.

Rebecca Herndon walked home with a hymn of thanksgiving in her heart. But her mother wept at sight of her denuded head, and Aunt 'Nervy to the day of her death never called Becky anything but "my po' shorn lamb."

What her husband calls her I do not know—

"some sweet name
Whose every syllable is a caress,"

I rather fancy; for his name is Ned Manning, and he loves his little wife as some women would give their souls to be loved. The dear gift of her bright hair is cherished to-day as his chiefest treasure, and when he comes to the end of all things of earth, it will rest on his faithful heart in his coffin.

"STOP!" CRIED BECKY; "I KNOW WHAT TO DO."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—July 29, 1882.

A "SELF-DENYING" POLICY.

François (*our Ally*). "C'est très bien fait, mon cher Jean! You 'ave done ze vork! Voyons, mon ami, I shall share wiz you ze glory!"

NOT A "SELF-DENYING" POLICY.

François (*what we really think he said*). "Mon cher Jean, you have perform ze dirty affaire, et moi, je suis bien content zat I have had nozzing to do wiz it!"

THE CASTLE.

LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE CASTLE.

THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG, WHERE LUTHER WAS IMPRISONED.—[See Page 542.]

LUTHER AT WARTBURG.

When Martin Luther left the Diet of Worms, whither he had gone against the urgent advice of his friends, under a safeguard from Charles V., his life was in great danger. His numerous and powerful enemies, angered by his bold and courageous defense of himself before the ecclesiastical tribunal, made violent efforts to effect his ruin. They even counselled the violation of the imperial safe-conduct, appealing to the Council of Constance as a precedent.

On his way home Luther was accompanied by the guard as far as the border of Hesse. At this point, with no companion but Amsdorf, he turned his face toward Möhra to visit his grandmother. At Altenstein, in the Thuringian Forest, he was seized by masked horsemen—soldiers of his friend the Elector of Saxony—who took him for protection to the castle of Wartburg, where he spent nearly a year in concealment from his enemies. Here, in the apparel of a knight, he was known as Jungker George. His enemies accounted for his disappearance by asserting that he had been carried off by the devil. Three weeks after his departure from Worms, the ban of the empire was published declaring Luther an outlaw. The castle he called his Patmos. During his residence there much of his time was employed in preparing the first draft of a translation of the New Testament.

A BUNDLE OF ANECDOTES.

Literary puzzles, now the fashion, are not exactly a novelty. An advocate named Marchant took it into his head to write a long love-letter from which the vowel *a* should be excluded. It exists, printed, but absurd. In 1816 one Ronden outdid the love-letter by composing *La Pièce sans A*, which was acted (but only up to the commencement of the last scene) at the Théâtre des Variétés, drawing a crowded house to witness the first performance of this dramatic cripple. The curtain rose. Duval entered from one side of the stage, and Mengozzi from the other. The first words uttered by the latter personage were "Ah, monsieur! vous voilà!" at which the whole audience burst into a roar of laughter. It was a curious beginning for "A Piece without an A." Luckily, Mengozzi was within ear-shot of the prompter, and corrected his mistake with "Eh, monsieur! vous voici!"

A more successfully solved puzzle is related by M. Oscar Comettant, in his *Le Danemark tel qu'il est*—"Denmark as it is." The favorite actress at the time of his visit was Madame Heiberg, who could charm the public by a word, a gesture, and even by silence. At times she made herself understood without uttering a syllable or making a movement. In such cases, mute immobility was transmuted into eloquence, and the whole scene was filled with her presence. In consequence of this gift, an enterprising dramatist wrote for her a piece entitled *No*. During the first half of the piece she had only this one word to pronounce, and she pronounced it nineteen times. But such was the marvellous suppleness of her voice and physiognomy that she made the simple monosyllable "No" a vehicle for the most diverse expressions of meaning. Those nineteen Noes conveyed nineteen different thoughts, each one perfectly characterized by the clever artist's mode of utterance.

One of the most amusing illustrations of an actor's determination to "make a part" out of nothing, with an eye to his friends in front, was supplied by an inferior histrion named Bates, who appeared many years ago at the Bristol Theatre. A tragedy was the opening performance of the season, in which Holland (one of the managers) did the king at the head of his army, and Bates was condemned to a pitiful messenger who gave him notice of the enemy's approach. This character comprehended but one entrance and five lines of diction; but these five lines were precious, and Bates, having a throat like a speaking-trumpet, rushed on at rehearsal, and thundered them forth, taking at the time a stage-effective but rather indecorous sweep of the boards from the fourth wing to the floats. "Mr. Bates," said Holland, with a stare of surprise, "you surely don't intend to deliver that message in that manner at night?" "Yes, but I do, Mr. Holland." "You are too loud, sir." "Loud, sir! Not at all, sir; I'm only energetic. I've got a benefit to make as well as you, Mr. Holland."

A Free Kirk elder, apparently coming from the parish church, was met by the late Dr. Norman Macleod, who at once said to him, "Well, Mr. Mackay, I am glad to see that you have been at the *church*." "Not I," indignantly replied the elder—"not I, indeed, Dr. Macleod; I nae been to no sic Erastian a place. And forbye that, wha wad be seen gaun tae a kirk that carries a lie on its face?" This was an allusion to the church clock, which had been long out of repair, was stopped, and therefore only told the time correctly twice within the twenty-four hours. Dr. Norman said nothing for a while, and the two walked steadily on, when suddenly the minister of the barony observed, "I never noticed till just now, Mr. Mackay, what a fine head of hair you have for one of your years." "I'm surprised at ye, doctor," said the other; "I aye thocht ye had kent that for the last five-and-twenty years I have worn a wig." "Oh," protested Dr. Norman Macleod, "I never suspected that a man of your piety and uprightness would for a quarter of a century *carry a lie on your head*."

An old Scottish dame, rather too fond of "the mountain dew," was one day "unco drouthie," and without funds wherewith to provide "a drappie." She thought there was a chance of getting it on credit from a public-house near; so, summoning her little granddaughter, she said: "Lassie, gang round to Donald MacCallum and bring me a gill. Tell him I'll pay him i' the morning." Back came the damsel with a refusal. Donald declined to part with his whiskey without cash. Eager and irritated, the old woman cast about for some means of "raising the wind," and her eye fell upon the family Bible. "Here, lassie," she said, "gie him this, and tell him to keep it until I bring the siller." Off went the little messenger, who soon returned, however, bearing the Bible. Donald was obdurate. "He says he maun hae the bawbees first, granny." With an angry snort, the old grandmother threw up her arms and exclaimed, "Losh! did onybody ever hear the like o' that? The man will neither tak my word nor the word o' God for a gill o' whuskey!"

While Cockburn was at the bar he defended a prisoner who, in spite of all his efforts, was sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of the next month. The convict, after his condemnation, reproached his counsel with having failed to get justice done him. "Never mind that," said Cockburn. "Have a little patience, and justice will be done you on the 17th."

It was the not uncommon characteristic of two famous wits who belonged to the *Punch* set that they said the good thing which rose to their lips, without in the least considering who might be wounded thereby. The wit of one, however, was peculiarly waspish. On one occasion "at the club" he was, with very questionable taste, railing against the Roman Catholic religion, and sneering at its professors. At length his friend lost all patience with him, and protested. "Come, now, don't be unjust. For my part, I feel such a great respect for some of the members of that ancient Church, I have a good mind to become a Roman myself." "Do," replied the wasp, preparing for a personal sting, in which a portrait will be recognized, "do; and if you take my advice, *you will begin with your nose*."

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